

**HISTORY  
OF THE  
HAYWARD LAKES  
REGION**  
(Part I)

**A Story of Logging**

**ELDON M. MARPLE**



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OF THE  
HAYWARD LAKES REGION  
(Part I)**

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**The "witness tree" on the  
cover represents our father,  
a surveyor, who marked the  
corners of the past.**

**ELDON M. MARPLE**

Cover art and map on page 6 by Joseph W. Wade Jr.

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## Comments

Someone remarked the other day, "it is great to live in a community that has a history!" We are indeed fortunate to have such a rich background, but it is really because of the efforts of one man that we are aware of our colorful past. Eldon Marple, aided and sometimes goaded by his delightful wife Mary, spent countless hours researching and chronicling events, people and places. His carefully indexed card files were voluminous, and his treasure of old photos, maps and records also.

Distance meant nothing to Eldon either, as he searched for documentation of dimly remembered sites and events. He was "at home" in the State Historical Library in Madison and at the court house, painstakingly checking and cross-checking references. Through his responsibility, existing copies of our local newspapers have been microfilmed and preserved by the State Historical Society.

True, the Hayward area has undergone a number of epochs from the date of the first French explorers in 1661 to the present, but Eldon has made them live. My special delight is the preservation of the human stories of "characters" who make up our history.

*Connie Miller*

**The Country Print Shop**

## From the Author

We wish to give credit to the Historical Societies of Sawyer, Washburn and Bayfield Counties who have allowed us to use photographs and material held by them. Also to the many private individuals who have offered us the same consideration. An extra credit must be given to Mary Marple whose grammatical sense has smoothed some of the rough spots and whose presence has eased some of the miles traveled while compiling these articles.

*Eldon and Mary Marple*

## Foreword

The recording of history is a newspaperman's job at the time of the events chronicled. Writing historical articles or books is essentially a rearrangement of the facts as they were reported at the time according to the importance assigned to them by later judgement. The historian is actually a plagiarist since he has culled his facts from other sources. His excuse for existence is that he sorts from both fact and conjecture what he thinks might interest his readers and puts this into his own words. The chaff he leaves for future times and historians.

Most of this material previously appeared in *The Visitor*, published by the Country Print Shop, Hayward, Wisconsin.

This book comprises the first of three volumes which record the stories of a community, individuals, or of local industries. Each is woven from hundreds of notes garnered from many sources: old newspapers, photographs, maps, graveyards, the census, old-timers and even contemporary historians. Although it is necessary to fill out the bare facts with many words to make the story informative and readable, we have made every effort to present the situation in phrases which interpret the available evidence.

The Northwestern part of the state of Wisconsin, centered around the Hayward Lakes Region, is the locale for these stories. The subject matter is of the Indians, lumbermen, settlers and resorters who have lived and worked here, mostly during the time between 1880 and 1920, telling of the impact of each upon our land, our forests and our community.

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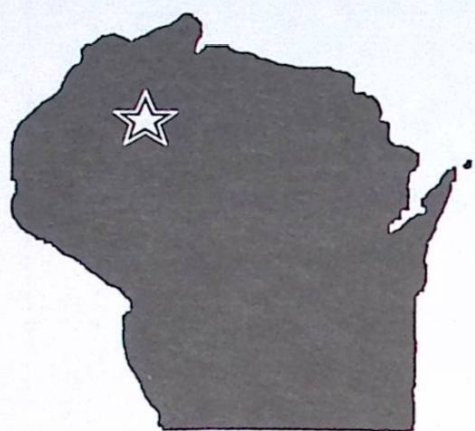
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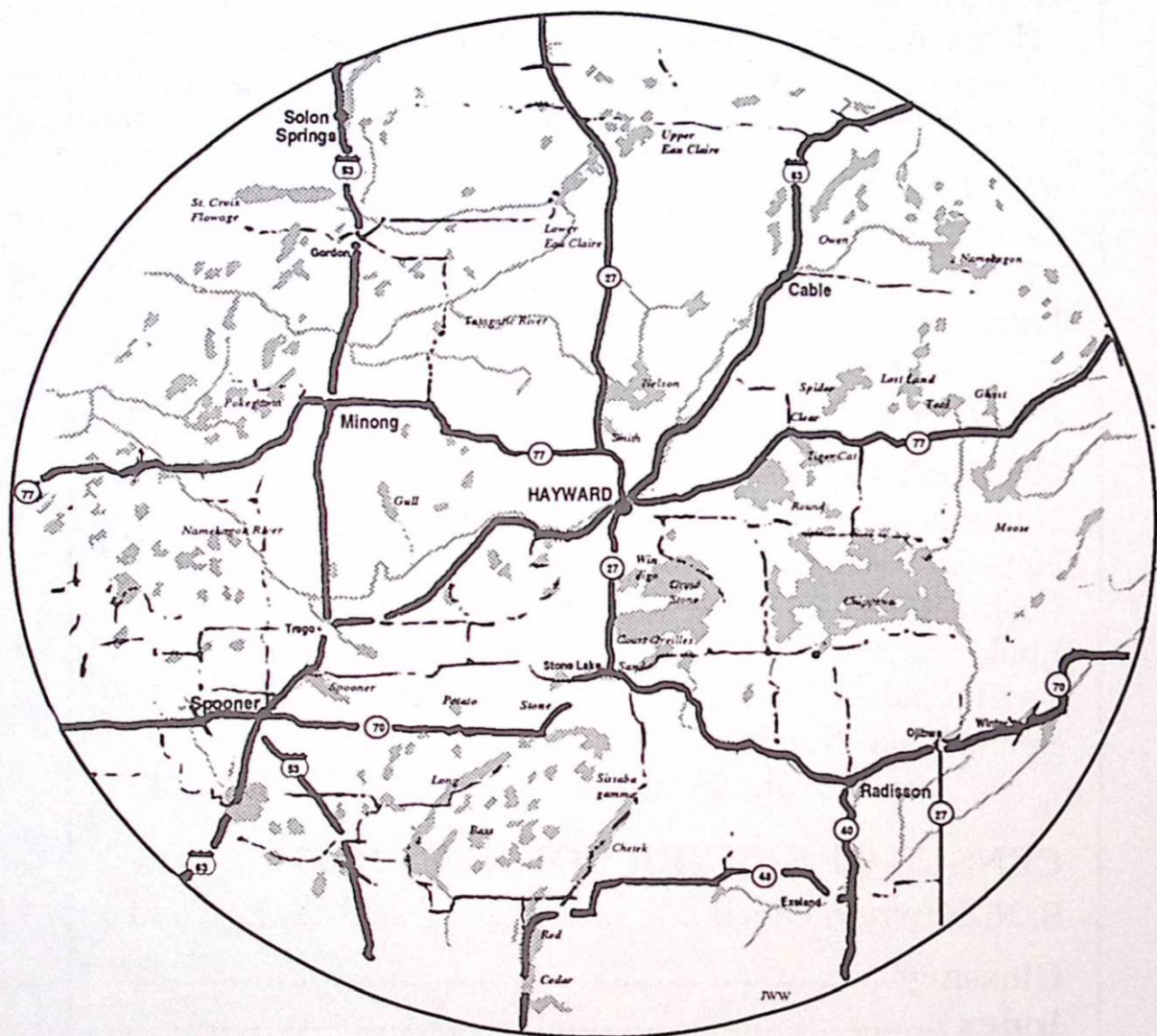
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# The Hayward Lakes Region





## *Our Land Before 1776*

Since these are the years of the American bicentennial celebration of the War of the Revolution, it might be of interest to review the history of the North Wisconsin Region. Events there may have been related to this critical episode in the history of our country. Many may not realize that this remote and sparsely inhabited region so far from the English colonies who chose to break their ties with the British crown furnished one of the pertinent complaints which precipitated that rebellion—the Stamp Act of 1765!

To understand this apparent paradox, it is necessary to explore the economy of the area after the French collapse in 1760 and to study the form of government provided by the British after the treaty of 1763 was signed. The part of America now called the Midwest was then "Indian Country," inhabited by many competitive tribes and a few hundred transitory Europeans who had explored and exploited the land for 160 years.

The British issued licenses to a few selected traders, usually their own nationals, to carry on the fur business much as the French had done. However, the lack of real control brought out many unscrupulous entrepreneurs who debauched and cheated the Indians and were as lawless and unprincipled in their association with their own kind. There was no effective government, no means of bringing wrongdoers to judgment nor army units to provide enforcement. The Pontiac rebellion at Detroit in 1763 and its resulting unrest among the Indians accentuated the fact that positive action was necessary to bring order



relationship which existed between the Europeans and the native Americans. Each Indian tribe controlled as much land as it needed to sustain its people, or as much as it could defend from the encroachment of other tribes. In the northern forest these people lived on fish, game, rice, maple sugar and wild fruits and were nomadic, as seasonal food gathering required. Below the great forests they were semi-agricultural, adding corn, beans and squash to the above food supplies. Few animals were killed for their skins, those harvested for food usually providing what was needed for clothing or shelter.

When the first white man landed on the shores of America, he cajoled the red men he found into peaceful acceptance—or tolerance—of his presence by gifts of cloth and trinkets. The Indian reciprocated in kind with skins and food—what he had. As this relationship burgeoned between them, the Indian developed a seemingly insatiable desire for “trade goods”: clay pipes, mirrors, brightly colored beads and gaudy cloth. He also wanted iron tools and the guns he needed to aid in the hunt—or to use on his enemies! Also, unfortunately, he acquired a craving for the “firewater” so often distributed so freely by the more unscrupulous traders. Before each season he went deep into debt, his bill to be paid in the spring by the furs he could catch.

Pelts of fur-bearing animals were the one thing that a merchant could send back to Europe for financial gain, and the white man in his turn became insatiable for profit from the one product the Indian could provide. This trade between the two parties was the prime element of their association until about 1850 when fur was no longer a big item in frontier economy. Settlers, almost wholly agricultural, took up the land and the Indians were isolated on reservations and forced to subsist on “payments.”

In the region below Lake Superior, the first known explorer sent out by the French at Quebec was Etienne Brule, who toured the north shore, and it was told that he had found copper, thus indicating that he had visited the south shore

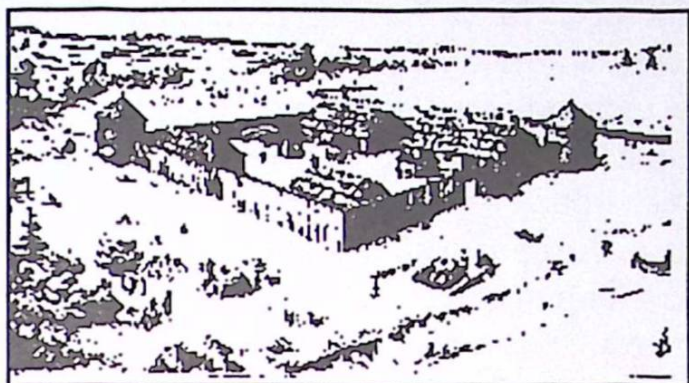
also. If he did, it would lend credence to the claim by some that the Brule River was named for him but others think that "bois brule"—burnt woods—was the source for the river's name. The information that Brule brought back to Champlain at Quebec, encouraged the merchants to actively explore new territory westward.

The fur trade, which developed so quickly, had a catastrophic effect upon the life of the Indians. They became the hunters of skins for trade only—their whole social system of maintenance was demoralized and they depended upon the white man for their needs from then on, sacrificing their independence and their skills for the dubious advantages of the goods they received.

The Hurons from the east of the lake bearing their name, became the first traders with the tribes in the hinterland, going forth with goods furnished by the merchants in Quebec and returning with furs. The Iroquois, supplied with guns by the Dutch in Albany, took exception to this monopoly and in 1640 they decimated the Huron tribe, the pitiful remainder fleeing to the west to live as scattered bands among other tribes. This broke up the established trading system—the hunter and the buyer could not find each other! In 1654, Medard Chouart Des Groseilliers went out from Montreal (established in 1642 to facilitate the fur trade by outreaching the Iroquois) with a supply of trade goods to Wisconsin and brought back a great store of pelts, thus making contact with the hunters and filling the coffers of the merchants.

Des Groseilliers left Montreal again in the summer of 1659 with his brother-in-law, Pierre-Esprit Radisson, and they journeyed to Lake Superior where they built a cabin by Chequamegon Bay. In late fall they "marched four days through the woods" with a party of Indians to a village on the lake, presumed to have been Lac Courte Oreilles, where they spent some time. During the winter at a dispersed hunting location farther to the west they almost starved in the gloom and deep snows of the forest. However, they returned to

**NORTHWEST COMPANY POST about 1800**  
**LAC COURT OREILLES**  
**JEAN BAPTISTE CORBINE—CLERK**



*An artist's rendering of the Trading Post established at Reserve on the shores of Little Lac Courte Oreilles.*

Montreal in the spring with a great store of furs which excited the cupidity of other traders. The traffic in pelts was resumed, white traders in numbers going out to find the hunters. The Ottawas, who had partly replaced the Hurons as middlemen, were also very active.

The church now sent out men to harvest souls with the explorers and traders. Fr. Rene Menard came out to Chequamegon Bay (called by him, "La Pointe du Saint Esprit") in 1661 and took the trail to Lac Courte Oreilles, later going down the Chippewa River where he wandered away from his companions and was never seen again. Fr. Claude Jean Allouez was at La Pointe in 1665 and Fr. Jacques Marquette in 1669, both to go on to fame in other areas.

The French took formal control of the Lake Superior Region for the Crown at the Sault in 1671 when Simon-Francois Daumont de Saint-Lusson proclaimed that his king was now sovereign over lands "discovered and to be discovered" to the seas: north, west and south. Nicholas Perot, who had come to Chequamegon in 1668 and was to have so much to do with the Duluth area later, was the interpreter. The chiefs of fourteen tribes signified their approval of this act with their totemic signatures.

The thrust of the French merchants to expedite the

gathering of the furs was evident when they sent Daniel Greysolon de Dulhut (later corrupted to "Duluth") to meet with the Sioux at Mille Lacs in 1679. Here he performed a proclamation ceremony like the one at the Sault for their benefit. He also explored the territory at the head of the lake and traveled the Brule-St. Croix route to the Mississippi. With the "ceremony of annexation" by Rene-Robert Cavalier de La Salle at the mouth of that river in 1682, the French now announced their claim to all the waters of the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence and the territories which they embraced, thus completing the "great arc" around the British colonies on the east coast.

During the time of the French occupation of the region around Lake Superior, Chequamegon Bay and La Pointe on Madeline Island was usually only a stop on the way to the Brule portage or to Fond du Lac near Duluth. The big trading stations were at Grand Portage, near Thunder Bay, where parties went out to the northwest territories, and on Green Bay on the route to Prairie du Chien and the Sioux trade. The Chippewas took over the south shore and their trade, mostly in northern Wisconsin, centered on La Pointe.

The French claim to the vast territory embraced by the "great arc" was never to be firm. For eighty years after the proclamation they were in constant trouble with the British, and with several of the Indian tribes, particularly the Iroquois and Fox. The French forces, with the help of many Indians from Wisconsin, pushed in between the colonies and the Ohio country and defeated the British forces several times, including the debacle of Braddock's annihilation.

The principal reason that the French eventually failed in holding out against the British thrust from the colonies was the constant drain on their resources by corruption and "chantage"—plundering—of their coffers by those in charge. The French and Indian war, in which their forces were defeated, completed their downfall. The British then assumed their claims to the land and the responsibility for its

people, including the Indians.

The French had carried out their program in the west with great vision and acumen but, as stated in Alice E. Smith's book, *The History of Wisconsin* "Because of the beaver pelt, wars had been fought, mass migrations had taken place, and probably every tribe had changed locations. But the woods and waters were undisturbed, the sod was unbroken, the wild beasts and native Indians still held possession."

Residents of the new British territory were free to leave after the war ended but could stay and keep their property if they accepted the new political system. In the fur trade this brought little change except that the upper echelon became more British. One of the first of the new style of trader was Alexander Henry who arrived at Michilimackinac in 1761 and later got a license for a monopoly of the trade along Lake Superior. He took Jean Baptiste Cadotte, a French trader of some experience at the Sault, into partnership and moved to Chequamegon. Cadotte and his sons Jean and Michel continued the trade there after Henry moved on, Michel having a post on the Namekagon in 1784, at the end of the portage. Two daughters of Michel married the Warren brothers, Yankee traders in our area at a later date.

During the Revolution, our area remained almost totally under the domination of the British; in fact, it was thus until about 1820 when the United States exerted enough force to cause them to move across the new border. A sole exception was the foray of William Rogers Clark and his frontier "army" of "150 borderers" which took Kaskaskia in 1778 and Vincennes the next spring—an act of individual initiative and bravery which may have changed the nationality of the whole western region. During the war the fur trade went on as usual, but the profits went to Montreal to help the British.

## Captain Carver and the "Carver's Grant"

An incident of particular interest to our area which happened near the time of the American Revolution was the voyage of Captain Jonathan Carver across Wisconsin to Prairie du Chien and, after a side trip to map the upper waters of the Mississippi, his visit to Lac Courte Oreilles. He later wrote a book relating his experiences and observations on this trip called *Travels Through the Interior Parts of North America in the Years 1766, 1767 and 1768* which had an immense impact upon the thinking and understanding of the European people about the great American wilderness and particularly about Wisconsin.

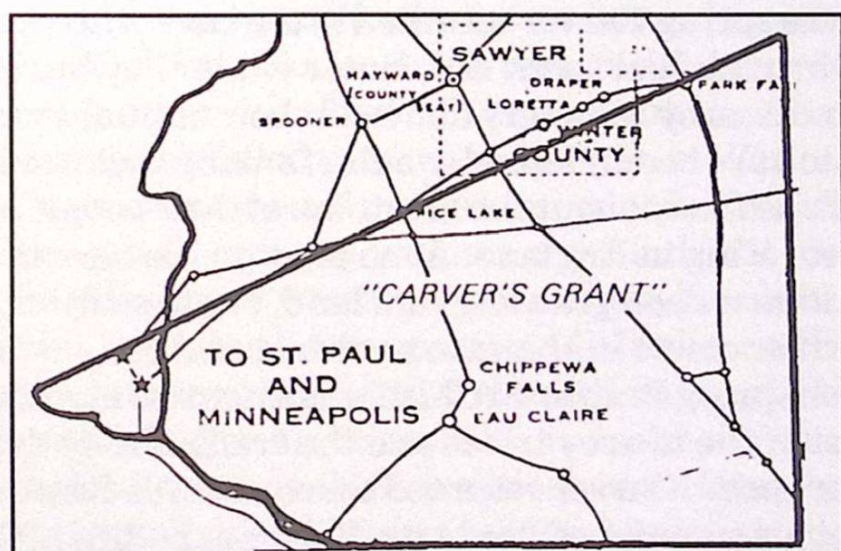
A fantastic side issue of this trip was the resulting "Carver's Grant," a claim to an area in Wisconsin and Minnesota of about twelve million acres of land—which still excites speculation as to the validity of his deed!

Carver had been an officer in the British Colonial Army during the period of the French and Indian war but was reluctantly teaching school in Boston in 1766 when he was hired by Major Robert Rogers of "Rogers' Rangers" fame. This great leader of men had just received a commission and encouragement at the English court to find a "Northwest Passage" to the Pacific and had been appointed as governor at the westernmost British outpost at Michilimackinac so that it would be easy for him to direct his expedition. Rogers sent Carver (who was a surveyor and mapmaker) west from his post to scout out feasible ways to cross the "shining mountains" to the west.

Prairie du Chien at the frontier was reached by Carver and his fur-trader companions in October. From here he traveled northward on the Mississippi, taking notes of what he saw on the way. A few miles below Lake Pepin he came upon a large "breast-work of about four feet in height, extending the best part of a mile," which he correctly assumed to be the work of Indians of earlier times; his description was one of the first to reach Europeans of American Indian mounds.

Another of Carver's errands on this trip was to invite the leaders of any tribes he met to come to a "congress" at Michilimackinac the following spring to try to find ways for them to live in peace with each other—and with the British fur traders.

At Lake Pepin he fell in with a traveling band of Sioux—he called them Naudawessies—who were being attacked by a superior force of Chippewas. According to his tale, he bravely interposed himself between them and caused the latter to desist in their attack, thus gaining the gratitude of his own companions. This served him well in his later sojourn with them, and it also made him appreciated by the Chippewas when he reached their village at Lac Courte Oreilles the next year.





**Captain  
Jonathan  
Carver**

After visiting and describing the cave in what is now St. Paul (later known as Carver's Cave) and studying the Falls of St. Anthony, he investigated several branches of the Mississippi. He wintered in a town of the Sioux of the Plains in western Minnesota.

In the spring Carver returned to the cave with the people with whom he had spent the winter while they buried their dead in a nearby cemetery and held their annual council. He claims to have been adopted as a chief among them and recites a speech he made about the greatness of their people and also of the Great King in England. At no place in his narrative does he mention a deed granting him land, supposedly signed by two of their chiefs in the cave on this occasion.

Each spring Prairie du Chien was a neutral meeting place for most of the nearby tribes and the traders they depended upon for goods. Carver returned there with his Sioux friends and met his superior officer in the Rogers expedition, Captain James Tute, and the trader, James Goddard. These men in

company with a Chippewa boat crew proceeded up the Chippewa River, eventually reaching Lac Courte Oreilles.

The descriptions in *Travels* of the prairies and forests and the animals inhabiting them along the way was of interest. His narrative relates: "Near the heads of this river is a town of the Chipeways, from whence it takes its name. It is situated on each side of the river (which at this place is of no considerable breadth) and lies adjacent to the banks of a small lake. This town contains about forty houses, and can send out upwards of one hundred warriors, many of whom were fine stout young men. The houses of it are built after the Indian manner, and have near plantations behind them..."

In July the party "left this town, and having crossed a number of small lakes and carrying places that intervened, came to a head branch (The Namekagon—he called it Tute's Branch) of the River St. Croix. This branch I descended to a fork, and then ascended another to its source (Lake St. Croix—he called it Lily Lake on his map)." Carver does not mention that Tutes was commander of the party though he does write that Goddard's River (the Brule) was named "after a gentleman that desired to accompany me."

When the expedition reached Grand Portage on the north shore of Lake Superior, they found a letter from Rogers telling them he could not get supplies for the western trip so they had to return to Michilimackinac. Little recognition has ever been given to any other members of the expedition other than Carver because he failed to mention them in his *Travels*—he used the "vertical pronoun" constantly instead of the editorial "we"! Although Carver did not find any lands that had not been explored by other white men before him, he told his story so well in his book that he was given credit far beyond his due.

Carver returned to Boston and sailed for England to get his book published and, incidentally, to make a claim to the King for his expenses on the expedition since Rogers was not able to pay him. Publication was held up by the government; they claimed that since he was on a government expedition

and had paid him for it, they owned his maps and records. In 1878 the first edition came out—an instant success—more than thirty editions being put out in several languages. It became the rage of Europe, the people acquiring their ideas of what America and its Indians were like through this source. Carver died in 1880 before the third edition was printed.

“Carver’s Grant” has been a subject of speculation and controversy for almost two hundred years. The Congress of the United States has deliberated upon its merits and individuals have tried to claim shares in it, one by actually setting up a mill on the Chippewa River. The authenticity of the “grant” is as dubious as its legality. The deed was supposedly signed by two “Naudawessies of the Plains” chiefs on May 1, 1767, at the council in the cave. Carver never wrote about the existence of the deed nor is there any contemporary record that he had mentioned the grant to anyone except that of his deathbed physician.

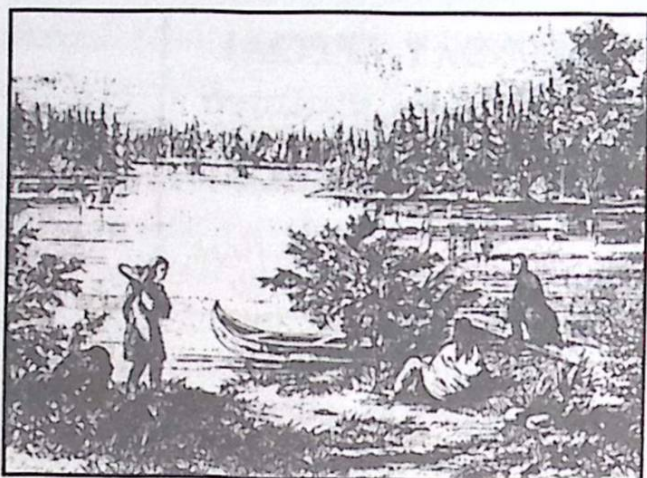
The Carver’s Grant deed, purported to have been made by the two chiefs in the cave, was couched in the “legalise” of title transfers. It is doubtful that Carver could have recalled such wording in the wilderness, even if he had had extensive experience with the language of law. The text of the deed was inserted in the third edition of the book after Carver’s death by the physician who had acquired his manuscripts. Part of the recitation of it is as follows: “from the fall of St. Anthony, running on the east banks of the Mississippi, nearly southeast, as far as the south end of Lake Pepin, where the Chipeway river joins the Mississippi, and from thence eastward five days travel, accounting twenty English miles per day, and from thence north six days travel, and from thence again to the fall of St. Anthony on a direct straight line. We do for ourselves, heirs and assigns, forever, give unto the said Jonathan, his heirs and assigns, forever all the said lands, with the trees, rocks, and rivers therein, reserving for ourselves and heirs the sole liberty of hunting and fishing on land not planted...”!

To understand the enormity of this proposal, the traverse included all or part of the counties of Pierce, Pepin, Dunn, Clark, Buffalo, Trempealeau, Jackson, Chippewa, Polk, St. Croix, Barron and Marathon in Wisconsin, most of St. Paul and the area east of it to the St. Croix River in Minnesota.

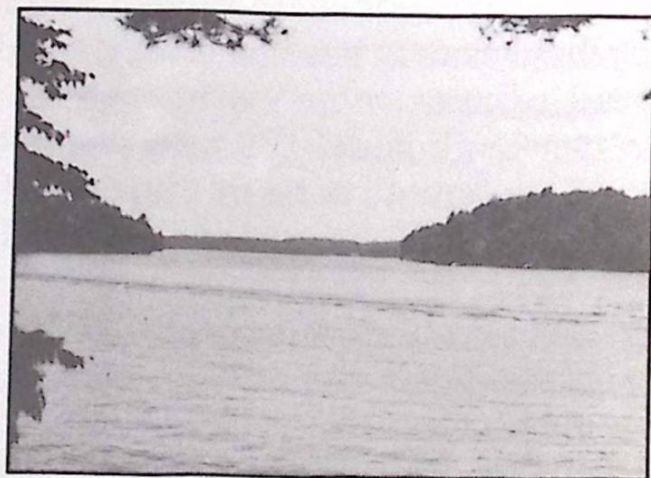
Of course no part of the deed was ever honored despite repeated efforts of heirs and purchasers of rights of heirs to take possession. Such deeds had been declared null and void by the King's Proclamation of October 7, 1763, as frontier-wise Carver almost certainly would have known. In this paper, individuals were prohibited from acquiring land from the Indians. The intent of the British government was to make an Indian preserve of all the territory from the Colonies westward. The United States adopted this policy when they took over this territory. Chief Justice Marshall had delivered the opinion that "While the different nations of Europe respected the rights of natives as occupants, they asserted the ultimate dominion to be in themselves, and exercised the power to grant the soil in the possession of the natives."

As can be seen from Carver's excellent map of the area concerned in his so-called grant, the Sioux claimed only a small portion of the land described in the deed, and their title to this was doubtful since it was known as a "road-of-war" between several adjacent tribes, where trespass usually resulted in a tomahawk party! His map even shows the greatest part of the "grant" to be in Chippewa territory, reaching near to the very "Chippewa town" he told of visiting. The southeast part of Sawyer County, below a line from Oxbow to Exeland, was within its limits. Looking at the circumstances of the claim today, it does not seem possible that anyone could have given serious credence to its provisions, yet, according to available records, many people were concerned in gaining title through the grant. A book, *North-west Passage*, by Kenneth Roberts relates a very exciting fictionalized version of the Rogers expedition which includes some interesting interpretations of what various characters

in the real action intended: from the Indian Agent, Sir William Johnson, to Carver. It is well worth the reading for anyone interested in the history of Wisconsin.



*An engraving of the site of the Turtle Portage on Lake Owen, taken from Henry Schoolcraft's book.*



*A photo of the same view today.*

## *Following Their Paddles*

### *. . . Tale of a River*

The deeds of many people make up the composite history of an area. However, there are often important accomplishments of individuals which were lost because there was no one around at the time to make a record which would last beyond the memory of those concerned. Such is the case of the history of our region in northwestern Wisconsin. Many explorers, missionaries and fur traders traveled our trails and waters and their trip, important as it may have been, was described in only a sparse phrase: Radisson in 1859 wrote only, "We marched four days through the woods"—ostensibly to Lac Courte Oreilles.

Fortunately two men, both in the government service and both scientists, traveled the historic routes at a much later date, but before the area had been appreciably affected by the white man, and took the trouble to detail their routes and tell of their observations of the Indians and the natural history on their way.

The first was Henry Rowe Schoolcraft who, as the Indian agent, took his party from La Pointe to the waters of the upper Namekagon, St. Croix and Chippewa Rivers in 1831 on an errand to keep the peace between the Chippewas and the Sioux. The other was David Dale Owen who came up the Chippewa in June, 1848, on his way to the Chequamegon Bay area via the usual historic portages on the Namekagon and White River. He was making a mineral survey of the area.

We will retrace their trips, making specific references to what they found along the way interesting enough to them to

be recorded and we will relate what we find at these points today. We will begin our tour by joining Schoolcraft's narrative at the portage from Lake Owen, following them down the Namekagon to the landing of the Portage Trail from Lac Courte Oreilles below Hayward.

At nine o'clock in the morning of July 26, 1831, Schoolcraft and his party: a botanist, the sub-agent, and his "brigade" of canoemen with local guides, left the lower end of Lake Kagenogumaug, or Long Waters (now Lake Owen), and paddled up its length "through a very irregular, elongated, and romantic lake" to Mikenok, or Turtle, portage.

At this point today there is a definite foot trail in the sphagnum moss leading off to "Turtle Lake," where for thousands of years Indians have dragged their canoes. This is the "height of land" between the waters flowing to the St. Lawrence and those which flow south to the Mississippi. The old Cavalier Resort established by Louis F. Cavalier, a sports writer for the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* at the turn of the century, stood on this low pine ridge.

The travelers reported the extent of the first carry to be about 280 yards. It is noteworthy that distances given by each writer are at variance with the other and with those measured from a modern geological map. It is probable that each took a different route—perhaps there was a trail in the swamp and another on the ridge. Owen called this "Little Lake" instead of "Turtle Lake" and mentioned the abundance of "that remarkable flower, the pitcher-plant" in the mossy swamp.

Our party next carried "over an open pine ridge, from which the timber has been chiefly burned," a distance of "one thousand seventy-five yards" to Clary's Lake (obviously named for Lieutenant Clary, commander of their military unit). Owen, appropriately enough, called this Island Lake, "on account of a small and rather handsome island in its center." It is now called Price Lake.

The party then carried 475 yards to a third lake which

Schoolcraft named "Polyganum, from the abundance of the plant." Owen wrote that it was called Leech Lake, "no doubt from the number of leeches that infest it." We now call it Perry Lake.

After camping the night on the south shore of this lake, they set off early in the morning and "followed the path 1050 yards, which we made in two pauses to the banks of the Namakagun River" before they sat down to their breakfast of fried pork and tea! "Dead pines cover the ground between Lake Polyganum and the Namakagun. A great fire appears to have raged here formerly, destroying thousands of acres of the most thrifty and tall pine. Nobody can estimate the extent of this destruction." He mentioned that the river "is bordered on the opposite side with large pines, hardwood and spruce".

The party then proceeded about nine miles (Owen called it six or seven) down the river to "pukwaewa—a noted Indian village." It must have been a dry year for they were soon in difficulty because of low water. All hands had to walk in the bed of the stream and the kegs of stores: pork, salt and probably rum and gunpowder, had to be rolled downstream to lighten the canoes enough so that they could be lifted in the worst places to protect their bottoms.

The old portage trail joined the Namekagon about a mile southeast of Cable. A marker is placed on C.T.H "M" east of Cable about where it crossed. There is probably little change in this part of the river today: a few farms were cleared along its banks in the past and the timber has grown and been cut off again. The loggers used the river extensively to drive their logs from the Namekagon Lake area to the mill at Hayward. They may have cleared the streambed of the larger rocks and built a few wing dams to facilitate driving. I seem to remember the remains of a low log dam at Phillipi's place when I worked there in 1921. In 1910, Radloff Brothers built a water-powered sawmill in the rapids below the Phillipi bridge.

At the Indian village of Pukwaewa there were eight lodges "with fields of corn, potatoes, pumpkins and beans." "Odabossa,

of the Upper Pukwaewa, headed a village of 18 men, thirty-eight women and 71 children." It was situated on the flat above the sharp bluff on the west side of the lake where some evidence of its presence can still be found. Owen called the location Great Rice Lake (Schoolcraft also translated Pukwaewa as Rice Lake) but did not mention the residence of any Indians when he came through seventeen years later. He did comment on some of their dietary habits when using the river water for drinking, suggesting the bands still lived here.

The loggers built a dam at the outlet of Pacwawong by 1883, perhaps before that time, raising the water several feet to get a driving head. It still holds the level about two feet above what it was in Odabossa's time, thus preventing the growth of a solid stand of rice in its natural manner. Owen stated that "the blades of wild rice which rest drooping on its waters almost cover the surface"!

Little is left of the dam at Pacwawong today. Old-timers tell me of the sound of the logs booming through it when the drives were on. The river bends sharply a mile downstream, which often caused enormous log jams. On the bluff on the north side of the river below the bridge are several mounds which may have been built by ancient Indians. They are now under the protection of the National Park Service.

Early "on the morning of the 29th," Schoolcraft left the upper "Pukwaewa" and by ten o'clock they "passed an expansion, having deserted Indian lodges." He called this "Lake of the Cross" but said it was also called Pukwaewa by the Indians. Owen designated the first pond he came to above the portage landing, "Little Rice Lake" and stated that it was nine miles by river or seven miles by trail from here to "Great Rice Village."

This would appear to describe the Phipps Flowage of today. There is a map made by early settlers in 1926 which labels its mile-long spring-fed estuary, "Little Pahquayahwang." There has been a logging dam here since 1868—Stuntz, the landlooker, mentioned it in his diary. The rubble



*Aerial view of dam  
at Phipps Flowage.*

of this old dam still holds back the flowage.

The chroniclers were unrealistic in stating measurements and confusing in the names given the villages. Both mention three villages—Schoolcraft calls them Little and Great Rice Places and Lake of the Cross in one paragraph, but calls Great Rice Place and Lake of the Cross “Pukwaewa” in another. Owen mentions Little Rice Lake, “Big Pine Encampment” and Great Rice Lake, in that order.

Since there are three possible locations for rice ponds above the Portage: at Hayward, Phipps, and Pacwawong Lake, the designations given them by the explorers could be shuffled about. All three would have been suitable for Indian villages—and probably there was one at each. Schoolcraft reports travel of thirty-five miles from Pukwaewa village on his trip of the 29th and then, after camping overnight, reports an additional two hours on the river the next morning before he came to the Portage. Owen reported travel of fifteen miles upstream from the Portage before he came to Little Rice Lake.

Along the way Schoolcraft met the chief Pukquamoo, “Red-headed Woodpecker,” and his band and exchanged presents with them—the Indian’s gift being dried “whortleberries”—blueberries. He wrote, “both banks of the river are literally covered with ripe whortleberries. It is large and delicious. The Indians feast on it. Thousands and thousands of bushels of this fruit could be gathered with little labor. It is seen in the dried state in every lodge. All the careful Indian housewives dry it. It is used as seasoning to soups.”

## *Logging Days*

*... It's Time to go a'loggin'!*

After the leaves of summer drop from the hardwood forests, the dark green ranks of the pine tops stand out against scudding autumn clouds and nightly frosts warn of coming snows. In the old days these portents told the loggers of the vast virgin pine forests that once covered most of our north country that it was "time to go a'loggin'." Like the racehorse at the starting gate, they were rarin' to go!

But it was far from that simple for the commercial loggers who cut our timber. They did not march their men into the woods with axes over their shoulders and start chopping. The planning and organization that was done before the logging commenced was comparable to that of an army moving into battle and much of it had been done months—even years—before this time. The staffs of the big companies marshalled their forces like an army; the shock troops were those who went in and prepared the work area with roads and camps, the main brigade who cut and hauled out the timber, and the supply division which toted into the work area what was needed to care for the men, beasts and equipment.

The logging company made their plans from the reports of the landlookers and cruisers whose job was to estimate the kind and amount of timber on land owned or controlled by them, or which they might buy or contract to cut. Also they studied and reported on the feasibility of getting the timber out to a landing.

The planners in the front office had many "rules of thumb" to go by. For instance, for each hundred thousand board feet

of standing timber, they had to provide a man for the season to get it out—this roughly gave them the size of the crew they would need. Since the practical walking distance from the camp to the cutting area was usually limited to about a mile, the estimated yield in a tract around the camp determined the number of men to hire for each one. In this 2500-acre area a yield of ten million feet could reasonably be expected, thus about one hundred men would be the camp size. In some blocks of timber the yield might be much more—perhaps doubled—then the crew would be larger or the logging would be done in two or more seasons—a more economical way to do it by using the same set of buildings again.

The loggers did not wait for winter to start their operations—that was when the cutting and hauling was done. A lot of work had to be done in preparation before they could fill up the crew for the cutting. A "toteroad" to the campsite had to be located, cleared and graded from an existing road leading to the source of supplies so that building materials could be brought in and the job supplied with its needs. This was usually only an improved trail, cut out as wide as the wagon and sleighs needed, and a minimum amount of grading was done. However, the roadbed had to be firm soil or fill since they were for summer use also. Moderate grades could be tolerated and they usually followed high ground.

The logging roads over which the great sleighloads were hauled to a landing on the river or railroad line were usually constructed in the late fall after part of the camp was built so that the large crew and the teams needed to cut out and grade them could be housed. These roadways had to be wider to accommodate bunks of up to sixteen feet in width and runners spaced seven to nine feet apart under the sleigh. The uphill gradient could not be too steep or even a four-horse team could not pull the heavy load, nor could it be too sharp on the downhill side because the sleigh might over-run and "jam" the team.

Since the hauling roads in most pine operations were for

winter use only, they were often routed across swamps and lakes, thus lowering the cost of the roadbuilding job. The roadway was cut out in the fall and the grade laid before freeze-up. The last part of the job to be done was to use a rutter to set the path for the sleigh runners to follow—a sort of upside down railroad track which was iced to make sledding easy by filling the ruts with water from an enormous water tank on a sled after the freeze-up. The ruts were cut by pulling a dray which had adjustable blades projecting downward to gouge out two furrows in the roadbed at the desired width.

After cold weather came, the roads were always kept clear of snow with a V-type log snowplow to allow the soil to freeze deeply, making a surface as solid as concrete. Across soft areas where a team would bog down and not be able to pull equipment, men “tramped in” the snow until it froze deep enough to support the team and plow. When this method did



not suffice, corduroy (poles or cull logs laid crosswise of the road and lightly covered with earth or snow) was used to get a firmer roadbed.

Some of the hauling roads were many miles long with branches winding far back into the timberlands (the angle and curve at the junction of these branches show the researcher which way the logs were hauled) and their grades were—by necessity—well laid out. Some were later developed as town roads. The engineers and road crews of the CCC took over many of them to re-grade as forest roads, often with only the need of routing around swamps and lakes which the old

roadbuilders had used as shortcuts. The network in the Seeley Forest was all done this way by Camp Smith Lake in the thirties. Another good example of a hauling road can be found just south of Hwy. 77 at the top of O'Brien's Hill—the sleigh ruts can still be seen.

The typical logging camp of the old days was planned for a complement of one hundred men in a block of timber where they would cut ten million feet—about forty-five thousand logs. The buildings were laid up from tree-length pine logs of sixty to eighty feet. The log in each tier was reversed lengthwise from the one below it to get an even height with five or six logs. The spaces between the logs were blocked with split shakes and chinked with moss or mud and straw-plaster. Doors and windows were all in the ends except a skylight window for ventilation. The roof was usually framed with spruce poles for rafters, rough boards for sheathing and shakes or tarpaper to run off the water. The floor was of rough lumber laid on poles, and the



*Typical logging camp*



*Sunday in the bunkhouse!*

cracks between the boards made the job of the bullcook who did the sweeping much lighter—any small items just sifted through. To keep the wind from blowing up between the boards, dirt was banked up around the outside of the building and these lines of earth and the cellar hole by the cookshack are what we find today to mark the site of old camps. Usually there was no foundation under the walls—the bottom log was laid on the ground; it was then called a “mud-sill.” Some builders set the bottom log up on large stones or log butts.

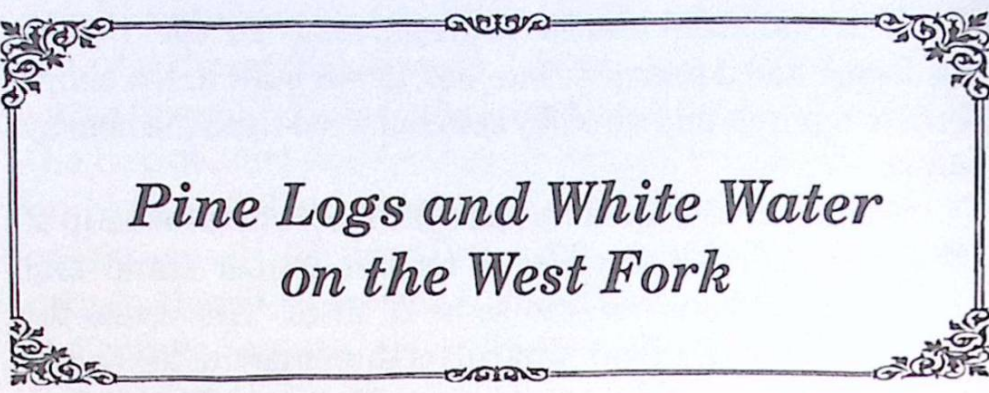
The “Logging Camp” at Historyland in Hayward is typical of the small, better-quality camp of the old logging days. Its builders patterned their design from pictures taken of the old camps when they were in use and it combines the cook shanty and the bunkhouse with a “dingle” between them.

The cook shanty, bunkhouses and barns were all built the same way, either placed parallel to each other, or two might be placed end-to-end with a covered dingle several feet wide between them. At the cook shanty the dingle was used for cold storage of meat, at the bunkhouse as a “washup” for the men, and at the barns it provided a sheltered entryway and a covered space for feed bins and hay. A smaller building provided quarters for the camp foreman, the scaler and the clerk and his “wanigan,” a stock of candy, tobacco and clothing sold to the men. An extra bunk was provided here for the “walking boss” or checker when they made camp. A blacksmith shop, often with the woodbutcher’s shed attached, and a filing shed with windows in the roof were usual. Behind each building was a one-to six-holer for the convenience of the men.

The company planning a logging operation was far from done when the camp was built and the roads were ready for winter. After the cook, the first men to be hired were a blacksmith and his coworker, the woodbutcher. They had to be in the camp early so that they could get the hundreds of

pieces of equipment needed on the job ready for use. Unless the logger had it from previous jobs, it was built in the shops from scrap-iron and carefully selected wood from the nearby forest.

Our hundred-man camp had a fairly constant makeup of jobs, although the variables of terrain, timber stand and length of the haul changed some of them. The needs for equipment could be figured by rule of thumb again: ten three-man saw crews would cut about ninety-thousand feet per day. This required five skidding teams to bring the logs to the crosshaul at the loading area. The five-man "jammer" crew could load thirty thousand feet per day, thus requiring three jammers. This made up fifteen sleighloads but this number of sleighs could be reduced if the turn-around time to the landing was less than a full day. A go-devil had to be fashioned from a "crotchtree" from the swamp for each skidding team. All teams had to have single and double eveners, or if it was an ox camp, a yoke for each team. One or two water tanks had to be made for icing the roads; handles for cant hooks and axes and endless fidhooks, bitch-links and monkey-links made for the many chains used. And so the list of equipment could be made beforehand, and when it was completed we could start the winter's main job—get out the logs!



## *Pine Logs and White Water on the West Fork*

The saga of the harvest of the great stands of pine in our North Country at the end of the last century is now remembered as a period of romantic activity, almost legendary in its remoteness from our times and understanding. I know of no one alive now who actually took part in it and few who visited the old camps as children or even saw the logs go down the river.

Perhaps the part of the lumbering operation considered the most glamorous then (and is most often mentioned today) were the "drives" when millions of logs were floated down the many rivers and streams of our timbered land each spring to the mills far downriver which manufactured them into lumber. We will follow in prose one of those drives down the West Fork of the Chippewa River and tell of the work of the men and of the methods which got the job done.

We will have to depend on records and on the work of writers who told of some of their experiences at the time or in later memoirs. One of these writers was Robert Robertson who lived on the old Stocking farm (the West Fork Road just below the "Y" Pine junction) most of his life and took part in river drives in his younger years. In 1955 he wrote several articles telling of his experiences as a riverman which were published in the *Sawyer County Record* for the Historical Society. He stated: "I will be very happy if it can be of value to future historical writers and of interest and enjoyment to the general public—what information I can give of those bygone days." Another writer was Joe A. Moran of Glidden who

visited these woods as a youth in 1895 and who wrote an article published in the *Wisconsin Magazine of History* dated June, 1943. Some of our information comes from these sources. I have seen small drives of pine and "ran" logs in the Hayward millpond as a boy but, of course, saw nothing like we tell of in this book.

River transportation by drives was the usual way to move logs to the mills during the pine harvest. Railroads were not primarily built to haul logs until later when the hardwood timber was taken out. Because "it would not float," they had to come and get it! In areas without drivable streams such as the Seeley highlands, the pine logs were hauled on sleighs and rolled into the nearest stream, even if it was several miles away. Thus timber near good streams was the first to be cut because it could be "banked" without a long haul.

The great sleighloads of twenty to thirty logs came in to a "rollway"—two parallel lines of timbers laid down at right angles to the stream bank—where they were rolled off and "decked" on the pile. The bottom log nearest the stream was held in place with "chocks"—short blocks of wood which could be yanked out, allowing the logs to roll directly into the water when the drive was ready.

In our heavily glaciated terrain, streams often traverse lakes. When it was feasible to haul to them, loggers just unloaded onto the ice and then put a "boom" around the scattered piles to keep the logs under control when the ice melted. A boom is a series of tree-length timbers chained together at their ends and floating in the water. Booms tied to pilings were used to confine logs in an area or to slide them into spillways. A "purse boom" was one which was put all the way around a float of logs, thus forming a "raft" or "braile" which could be pulled across a lake to the spillway with a steamboat or a horse-operated "headworks" barge. This barge inched its way across the lake like a caterpillar by putting an anchor out at the end of a long rope in the direction the raft was to go and

then winching it with a windlass powered by two horses hitched to turnstile on the barge. One of these anchors was found in Round Lake by a diver.

Where any reasonable "head" of water could be stored, the ingenious loggers could find a way to "drive" any stream. To look at a trout brook today, one can hardly imagine logs racing down its narrow course on fast rushing water, often several abreast, "centering" in the stream and—when "jams" formed—tumbling end over end like matchsticks in a rain-flushed eaves trough. Reserve water was stored when dams were built at the lower end of flat areas traversed by the stream. The dams were usually constructed of local timbers for framing and filled with rock and earth laced with layers of brush to hold it in place. The impounded water was let out through spillways wide enough to pass the desired volume of water at driving time.



*Bateau crew  
on the  
Chippewa River.*

The sides and bottoms of the spillways were made of spiked-together poles and an "apron" of the same material was laid on the stream bed below it for 20 or 30 feet to keep the logs diving headlong through the "works" from digging out a pit below the dam and weakening it. These aprons below the old dams are often still in place and were not rotted out like the rest of the structure because they are free from oxygen



*Drive on the West Fork*

under the water. The gates in most dams were lifted with a windlass or ginpole. The larger dams had more than one spillway—the old one at West Fork (Moose Lake) had three with a reported head of fourteen feet of water behind it.

On small streams with a low water source, several small dams were built, dropping logs down from one flowage to the next with the same water, thus avoiding wastage. On large rivers like the West Fork with an immense drainage capability and many dams for storage of water until needed, there usually was not much difficulty in passing logs down its length. All drives on the Chippewa were conducted by one Weyerhaeuser-dominated company and the water volume and flow was strictly controlled by charts and graphs. Robertson tells of a fast hiking trip he made back up the river from its junction with the Flambeau to the West Fork dam (it was called the Goodrich dam in early days) to get the gates open and spill water much needed by the drive on the lower river.

In addition to building dams to control the amount of water flow, the operators cleared the streams of obstructions such as down trees and boulders, rolling them out of the way or blasting them out with explosives. Canals were sometimes dug to shorten towing distances (for example, the one across the peninsula in Lost Land Lake) or along streams to bypass tortuous courses.

Paul Bunyan had a better method of doing this, the story is told. When he operated on the Snake River, a very contorted stream, he tied Babe, the Great Blue Ox, to its head and he held the tail and when Babe pulled real hard, all the kinks

were straightened out and he had a good driving stream! The West Fork rises in Chippewa Lake near the southeast corner of Bayfield County. It is shallow and surrounded by swamps and was probably the "End Lake" shown on the explorers' maps. The ancient portage from the Chippewa River system to the Marengo River and the Lake Superior watershed probably began here. All of the timber cut in this area had to go down the West Fork or be hauled west to Namekagon Lake. Moran stated that in 1895 Fred Leonard cut 40 million feet nearby and that he had a headquarters camp in Section 30 (probably beside Day Lake, once a swampy flat through which the river ran) and Robertson wrote that he had a dam near this camp.

The water below Leonard's camp was controlled by the dam above Upper Clam Lake and by the high dam at the outlet of Lower Clam (as it still is). Since driving was good down to the West Fork dam at the Moose, there were no dams between the latter two. Some of the flats caused trouble and the one below Meadow Lake had to be "boomed" for about two miles. This was done by laying two lines of timbers parallel to each other. They were then staked and braced to form a "chute" across wide areas, the water being confined between them rather than spreading out across the flats, thus raising the effective depth.

"Jamming" sometimes caused trouble at Brown's and Beel's rapids above the West Fork dam, according to Robertson. Two kinds of log jams caused trouble; the "wing jam" where logs lodged along the shore and caught others, forming a wedge of interlocked logs out into the stream, and the "center jam," a situation where the middle of the river was blocked with logs. Both had to be constantly cleared because they might soon accumulate enough logs to cause serious obstruction and hold up the drive.

The men who escorted the logs down the rivers were the highest paid and most daring of those who followed lumbering for a living. They also had the most dangerous jobs and had

to work long and irregular hours at extremes of physical labor while living in uncomfortable quarters, often only a tent or a canvas on the ground. They were called "river hogs (or pigs)" and were volunteers for this work which usually lasted only five to eight weeks in the spring. They were men from many sources: farmers, immigrants, Maineites, Indians and transients; united without discrimination in the camaraderie of this unique occupation.

The rivermen wore the usual lumberjack clothing except that it all had to be woolen cloth which felt warmer when wet—as it so often was. Boots had to have high laced tops and calk-studded soles (for good footing on wet logs) and were invariably custom-made "Chippewas," the best that money could buy. The mackinaw pants were "staggered-off" above the ankle to keep them out of the water.

The men who worked the logs on the drive carried either a peavey or a pike pole to do their work. The peavey had a handle 5-1/2 feet long and was used to roll or pull a log into the stream by using the curved hook on its side or to push it with the spike in the end of the handle. The pike pole was 12 to 16 feet long and was used to "pole" (push) logs in midstream or, by ramming the twisted point into the log, it could also be used for pulling them.

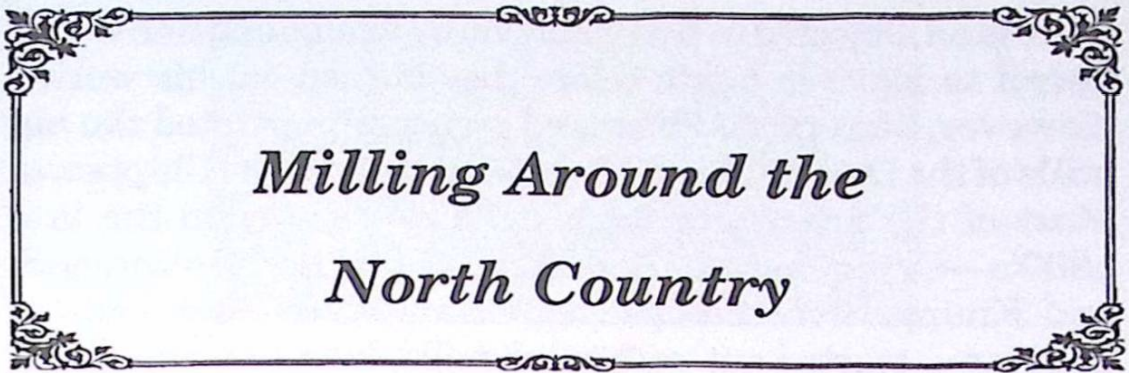
Other men on the drive were the two-man crews of the several bateaux used to move the men from one work area to another, and the cooks on the wannigan, a large scow used as a floating cookshanty and supply depot. A separate unit often was used to carry the bedding for large crews and was called a "blanket wannigan." Its two-man crew usually went ahead to set up camp for the night.

The job of the driving crew was to get the logs down the river—all of them—as fast as the current could carry them. Each river and each drive required different methods and sizes of crew. On a small stream with a steady flow of water and few obstructions, the drive was stretched out and men had to patrol the stream on foot to find jams. On the rivers

with plenty of water, the logs and the crews were bunched. A typical drive starting at West Fork might have eight bateaux and a crew of ten or more men in each. Their job was to prevent jams by keeping logs in the center of the stream and moving. They spent much time on the logs in midstream and had to be agile and quick on their feet. The "sackers," the cleanup men, followed the main body of logs to get stranded ones back into the current. They spent most of their time along the shore or in the shallows, often up to their hips in the icy waters.

After the drivers had struggled with rapids, slack water, jams and headwinds, one more hazard faced them on the trip downriver. This was the whirlpool-like eddy found in some bays to the side of the main current. It captured logs and spun them around until the boatmen could pull them out into the current again. Robertson states that there were eddies at Venison Creek, Chippewa Narrows and at the head of Puckway-Wong, all now in the Flowage.

Paul Bunyan's men had an experience like this on a drive. Their wannigan was pulled up to the shore at a likely place at dusk for several successive days and tied to a stump. At daylight they shoved off, but finally they noticed that the scenery became more familiar each day. That night, sure enough, the same stump showed up again—they realized that they had been making a circuit each day on Round River!



## *Milling Around the North Country*

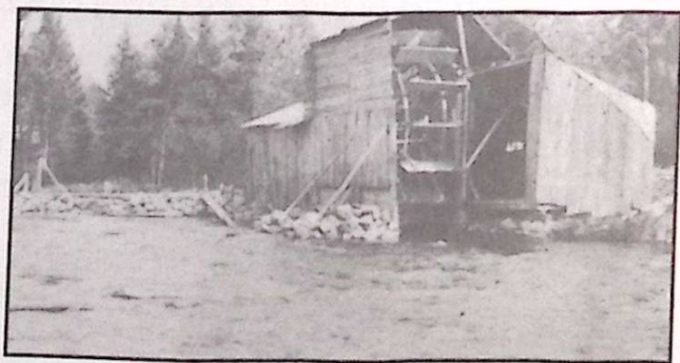
News of the big mills sawing lumber during the days when the virgin white pine was being harvested was often the subject matter for the newspaper writers of the day. They expounded in great detail about the "champion" daily and annual cuts of prime lumber; the size and kind of saws used in the mill, the power source, and the methods of piling for drying. They also told in heroic measures of men at the head of the corporations who owned these mills and of the ability and cleverness of the superintendents in charge of the operation. Historians, perforce, followed this lead—what was news then was later history. Few of either kind of writer chronicled the activities of the small mills producing lumber at the same time or tell of their importance in the harvest.

Often termed "scavenger" mills in later days because they picked up what the big boys had wasted and left behind, they were the opportunists of their day. Moving easily because of their small size and the simplicity of their organization, no pocket of timber was too mean for them to set up their portable machines, and saw it out. They worked for the small logger or for the new settlers who had accumulated a few logs in land-clearing operations and needed lumber to erect their houses and farm buildings. Though most common after the big mills had ceased their major operations, many competed at the same time for the local market.

The first recorded instance of a sawmill in what is now Wisconsin was the one built by Daniel Shaw in 1819 at the first falls of the Black River. The Indians, still in possession of

their land, objected to this incursion by whites and Shaw was forced to leave in haste before they burned out his works. However, he returned later and eventually operated the big mills of the Daniel Shaw Lumber Company on the Chippewa. Most of the prominent lumbermen of our area in the late 1800's—Orrin Ingram, A. J. Hayward, Frank Drummond, and Knapp, Stout Company's William Wilson and Andrew Tainter—started out with small mills, later to prosper and incorporate to form the big combines.

The first lumber used in Wisconsin was probably cut in a method more rudimentary than the portable mills, the ancient "over-under" or "Armstrong" works. A log was placed on a platform or over a pit (called pit-sawing) and one or two men at each end of a long saw operated it in an almost vertical position, slicing the log into planks and boards. Obviously more portable than the smallest mill (they were not called mills because there was no turning or circular motion, only up and down strokes), this method was used mostly on emergency jobs. The late Joe Trepania once told me that in the early days of the Reservation, the Indian Service sawed lumber in such a pit-saw operation located where the old Reserve-Post road crossed Blueberry Creek, using several saws and a large crew to cut lumber for houses to replace the teepees, then common habitations. Emil Radloff of Cable tells of a similar operation on the Namekagon in 1909 when four of his brothers manned a saw there to cut lumber for their



*Radloff's water-powered sawmill on the Namekagon*



*Sawmill at Nail Creek*

house and barn and new water-powered mill.

The portable mill was essentially a circular saw on an arbor (a shaft on two bearings with the saw on one end and a drive-pulley on the other), a carriage to hold the log in position and carry it forward into the saw and return, and a source of power to apply to the arbor pulley.

Before the advent of the steam engine the motive force was water power (Hayward's little sawmill on the dam across Bradley Brook on Florida Avenue was turned by water), or a turnstile powered by several horses. When tractor-type steam engines became available they not only powered the mill but pulled it from one setting to another. I can remember my delight as a boy of ten (in 1915) when I was allowed to stoke the fire with slabs on such an engine which was running the



*Steam engine used in small sawmills and on threshing machines.*

mill sawing our logs at the north end of Round Lake School Road. More modern engines soon took over but in memory none will replace the chuffing steamer.

The lumber sawed by the small mills was generally rather rough and not evenly dimensioned, due mostly to the limitations of the machinery used. The large circular saw had an inherent whip when turned at high speed and if its thickness was increased to control this vibration, the kerf it cut was so wide that it wasted up to one-fourth of the lumber. In the big permanent mills, thin bandsaws were used to alleviate this waste. Some of the portables had a planing mill and the lumber they cut could be run through this machine, producing dimensioned lumber of fair uniformity.

After the better pine was gone and the mills of the big



*The "Peterson Boys" working in their portable sawmill. Bill is on the left and Pete is in the background on the right.*



*Bill Peterson setting the "dogs" to hold a log in place.*

operator closed down, the scavenging portables had their day, setting up wherever they could get logs enough for intermittent sawing. One of these relics is still being operated by Pete and Bill Peterson on the Hayward Pond off Hwy 77. Their father, Charles Peterson, bought it in 1918 and they were often his crew as youths. Now at ages 82 and 78, respectively, they saw out a few logs occasionally "just to keep their hands in!" Bill rolls the log onto the carriage and sets the "dogs" to hold it in place while he "feeds" it to the saw by moving the lever controlling the forward-and-back motion of the carriage on its rails. Pete sorts and loads the lumber on the truck and stacks the slabs. They have a smooth two-man operation; the usual crew would be four or five men. However, the set-up is not totally authentic—power is being furnished by a diesel tractor engine instead of a shiny black steam engine puffing smoke from its stack as it labors to keep the saw up to speed through the cut!

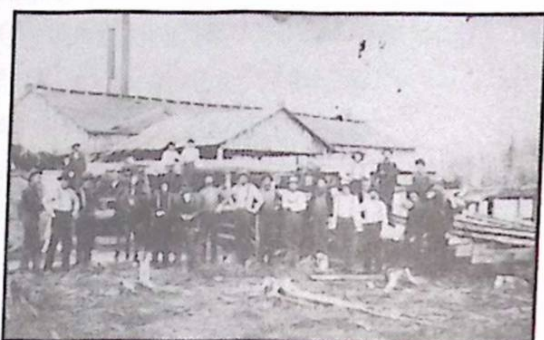
While the enormous mills of the great pineries operators of the time were producing most of the prodigious volume of lumber then being sawed, and at the same time the portables were picking up the crumbs, an intermediate type of mill managed to survive, even to this day. Then powered by a stationary steam engine (or by the engine on a steam tractor) and fired by waste slab wood, they had an efficient saw and shaft system with cut-off saws to square the end of the boards at the right length. A planing mill was usually part of the set-up to produce dimensioned lumber of good quality after it had been piled and dried out. Often they were operated at the same location for several years, hauling their product in to a shipping point by lumber wagons and a four-horse team to market it as best they could.

The first record I have locally of this type of mill was an item in *The North Wisconsin News* early in 1884 that a "boiler" was being hauled out to William Wettenhall's new sawmill on Round Lake. He lived on Peninsula Road at its bend to the northward, so it would seem reasonable that his mill was

here. However, since later mills were located on the west side of Little Round Lake, his may have been there. The paper reported that he began sawing on April 26, 1884 (all sawing was done during moderate weather or from a "hot-pond" because frozen wood was much more difficult to cut) and that the mill was producing 23,000 board feet of lumber daily.

Two years later F. M. Steves of Rice Lake "set up a mill on Round Lake" (Little Round). In 1892 William F. Steves sold his mill there to R. D. Runion "who will log and mill."

On May 16, 1890, the paper mentions the "mill on Round Lake and there are many logs in the lake." Apparently much



Sawmill at Eddy Creek

of the timber on its shores was cut and moved to the mill by water. At the north end of Big Round is a logging road leading directly into the water, indicating the hauling was done on the ice or the logs were dumped on the ice and later floated to the "bull-chain" carrying them up into the mill.

Art White was a local entrepreneur from Augusta whose place was on the corner of Peninsula and Round Lake School Roads. He tried milling, logging, horse trading and racing and was a pioneer farmer and resorter. On May 5, 1900, *The Hayward Republican* reported that his "mill and a half-dozen buildings were burned." This location was probably in the field behind the house of William Wettenhall—when I was a boy there was an enormous sawdust pile there. White had a lumber camp behind his house—two bunkhouses and a cook shanty. He also had a mill set-up on Hamblin's pond beside Peninsula Road.

Mortiboy Brothers had a "mill fifteen miles west of town (Hayward)" in February of 1892 but it was destroyed by the devastating fires in August of 1898. Apparently the machinery was not damaged since the paper reported on June 2, 1900, that, "Mortiboy has sawed the largest amount in years." The mill was located near the John P. Joseph farm at Saunders Lake.

The year of 1900 saw a proliferation of these moderate sized mills. Hayward Hardwood Lumber Company put in "an extensive plant with a good appearance" on the northeast end of Smith Lake, employing 75 men. The Soderburgs had a good mill at Phipps. W. A. Cooper planned a mill at Cooper (Doran's Crossing). Lee Brothers had one on the Reservation, Gaynor Brothers had a set-up on Whitefish Lake, and the Radisson Lumber Company had "the best sawmill at the railroad bridge across the Chippewa."

The next year also saw new mills: R. M. and John Lee put in a mill two miles west of Mason; Rogan Brothers, one on Big Brook near Cable; and Edes Brothers put in a mill behind O'Brien's old camp "near Round Lake."

The largest mills did not close when the bulk of the big pine had been harvested (it was mostly gone by the period 1900 to 1905), but kept on sawing on reduced schedules. They continued to saw pine by importing it from other areas by rail and by using timber of lower grade, thus competing directly with the scavenger mills. They also augmented their supply by converting more lines to the sawing of hardwood which they received over new railroads into these forests. The Hayward mill built by the North Wisconsin Lumber Co. in 1882-3 became the North Wisconsin Lumber & Mfg. Co., an Edward Hines subsidiary, in 1902. It burned in 1922.

The smaller mills increased in number as the settlers came. Some of the later mills were Currier's near Lake School, Preston's at Spider Lake, several at Radisson, Couderay, Seeley and Hayward, and the ones still operating locally: Radloff and Vortanz at Seeley, and Doeher at Grindstone Lake.

## Cut-Over . . . Left-Over and then . . . Sold!

One of the tenets of our free American economic system has always been the right to buy or sell real estate, the price to be determined solely by agreement between a willing vendor and a willing buyer. Perhaps this has been the prime factor in the way the American frontier expanded; it offered flexibility in the availability of land, though it was not always in reasonable orderliness. Since northwestern Wisconsin has been one of the last "frontiers," it might be of interest to study the patterns in the change of land ownership in our state and the major factors which have caused them.

The key to the system which has had the most impact upon the history of the development of American land economy has been our liberal interpretation of the term "individual ownership" as is applied to land. From the time of great grants of territory by European kings to individuals and corporations, ownership has been acquired on a free market, the right of those who are able to meet the price—either singly or in consortiums of any magnitude—and without restrictions on their planned usage.

Usually, when we think of an individual land owner the homeowner or the farmer comes to mind—the ultimate consumer, in effect—who holds it "in fee simple" for his own uses. We tend to forget that the ownership of most parcels of this land has been transferred through many diverse hands since it was separated from the aboriginal occupants; there were royal grantees, proprietorships, the federal government, and every form and kind of land speculator who could

get even a tenuous hold upon a title!

Speculation in land has been at the very base of our system of economic and territorial expansion. Few settlers went out in front of the tide of migration before the government was ready to sell the land. Always it was the speculator, usually an Easterner with ready cash or a line of credit at home, who pressured the government into opening up new territory for sale, with those who intended to use the land themselves following.

The best farmlands were located by these "investors" and it was said that in the richer areas the grass was carpeted by townsite plats. Mines, sites for water-powered mills, harbors, and land along the probable routes of roads and canals were grabbed by early "land lookers"; if the government had not surveyed the land, they used the preemption laws of the 1830's and 1840's to get control of the prime parcels. Even the more enterprising settler on the public domain tried to preempt more land than he could use, hoping to sell it when

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1340 square miles of the finest clay loam in Northern Wisconsin, interspersed and webbed with beautiful lakes, rivers and sparkling springs. In the famous clover and alfalfa belt. Fine crops of wheat, oats, barley and rye and all known vegetables grown. Potatoes 300 and 400 bushels to the acre. Rolling country. Within a hundred miles of Twin Cities, Superior, Ashland and Duluth.

**Hayward**

HAYWARD, the county seat, the most modern and up-to-date town of its size in Wisconsin. Hayward has churches of all denominations. Carnegie library, excellent schools, saw mill, creamery, paved streets, day and night electric services, good fire department. Hayward and vicinity has the best fishing and health resorts in the world, that attract thousands of summer tourists annually.

he could buy it legally from the government, thus becoming himself a speculator.

After the government land surveys were made, blocks of land were put up for sale by auction, starting in 1834. If, by the chicanery of government employees or by collaboration of major bidders, there was no competition, land was then thrown on the market for open purchase at \$50 for a minimum forty acres—a bonanza for speculators.

Other large blocks of land also reached the market: those which had been granted to the railroads to finance their construction, and the land bought by scrip given to the land-grant colleges to establish their agricultural schools; most of both grants were located in Northern Wisconsin. Much is made of the Homestead Act of 1862 but, by the time its provisions could be used by the settler, the good land had been gobbled up by speculators and the grantees had to take what was left—mostly poor land in remote areas. This Act was sometimes used in our area by individuals to acquire small lots of timber on forties the “big boys” had missed; often they then allowed the entry to revert after the timber was harvested.

The early tide of settler migration bypassed the “pineries” in the northern third of Wisconsin to take up more fertile land in the prairies, where a plow could turn a furrow the first year and hay for the livestock could be harvested at once. Thus, when we speak of pioneers and early settlers in the Hayward Lakes Region, we must remember that they were fifty years behind their brothers in the lower part of Wisconsin—or the prairies to the west. The only settler here to need the Preemption Act of 1841 was Charles Belille on the Chippewa. Even the ambient speculator, like a buzzard, always present when there was a feast, stayed back because there was plenty of pine for generations to come lower down the rivers. The government land surveyors, most of whom had been surveying in the prairies, reported the agricultural land here as third and fourth class. . . So, who wanted it?

But then the dam broke! The solitudes which had been inhabited only by the wild beasts, a few hundred quiescent Indians and a scattered white trader, hermit or settler before 1880, suddenly were ringing with the sound of chopping and the crash of falling giants—the “endless” pine to the south had been harvested and hauled away and new territory had to be found to feed the voracious saws. With the lumbermen came the first tentative incursions of the speculators, to pick out choice hotel and store locations and town sites.

When the loggers and subsequent fires were done with our north country, much of the now “worthless” land became tax-delinquent. This trend peaked at times of depression, and a speculator could make a “deal” with impoverished towns and counties to get tax-titles to large blocks of land for lump sums of cash at greatly discounted prices—one company alone held such titles to 200,000 acres in our area.

Who were these “speculators,” these ogres of the frontier? They were only individuals in the American economic tradition who were out to “make a buck” and had the necessary wherewithal to finance their project. They ranged from James L. “Stumpland” Gates (Rusk County was originally named for him), who was reputed to have sold close to a half-million acres of cut-over land in four years (1898 to 1902), to the local millhand who could afford the fifty dollars necessary to buy a forty. By no means did they all get rich—many lost their shirts when there was a glut of land on the market, or a periodic depression dropped land prices.

*Can't you imagine the thrill*  
*THE*  
*Youngsters get*

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COUNTY**

**The Famous HAYWARD LAKES COUNTRY-**

INDIAN RESERVATION-1400 INDI- ANS • TRIBAL COUNCILS AND DANCES • JULY & AUGUST	200 LAKES. 40 RESORTS. 150 COTTAGES. CAMP-SITES. 8 SPECIES OF GAME FISH.
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SHADED LANDS ARE OWNED AND FOR SALE BY  
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Lands with frame house 14x24  
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So far we have considered only the speculators who bought or were holding land for future profit. What of the ultimate user of this land—the settler and homeowner? Where did he come from and where did he get his financial means to purchase this land? Wisconsin recognized early in the logging and settlement times that the State had a problem, since vast areas of the cut-over land was rapidly going tax delinquent. In the 1850's the State had passed a law which allowed public money to be used to encourage immigration, even to the point of sending agents to European countries to do direct recruitment. This official State attitude made it easy to solve some of the predicament of the great landholders, including the speculators, by publicizing the availability of farmland in the north country at reasonable prices.

Proceeding under the premise of the State's responsibility to aid the cut-over areas in gaining new settlers, in 1895 the College of Agriculture put out a 200-page book: *Northern Wisconsin - A Handbook for the Homeseeker*, with Dean William Arnon Henry and his staff as compilers, which

rivaled the flamboyant propaganda of the most unprincipled of the land-peddling companies.

After the settler had found his farm, the college tried to teach him methods of farming which would be successful in the cut-over by providing him with bulletins, farmers' institutes, agricultural agents for each county, and visits to individual farms by the top personnel of the college. The professors who came to our farm at Round Lake in 1916 to advise my father about sheep husbandry were my teachers when I arrived at the University years later.

In retrospect at this time, could these men who were so all-prescient then, leaders in their field of scientific agriculture, harbingers of the revolution in farming methods and practices, could they not have felt some twinges of conscience when they aided the land peddlers in dooming tens of thousands of families to a life of frustration and poverty on land which should never have been taken from the forest? Perhaps Dean Henry, in 1895, could not have foreseen the tractor, but surely he should have known that most of the abandoned forest land in the cut-over to which the innocents were being led was unfit for farming—even in the days when a man with a few acres of hilly land could make a fair living “pushing” a plow behind a team!

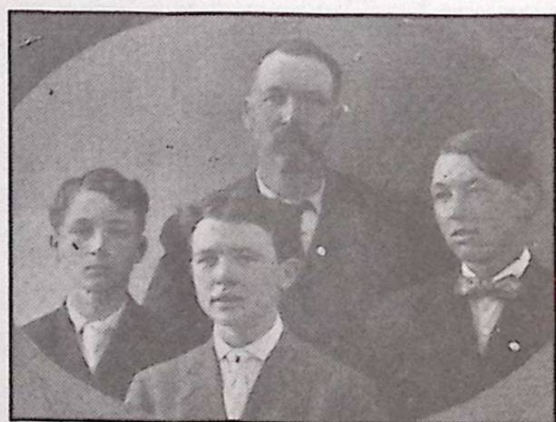
When the timber had been cut the land was worthless to the lumber companies. Some let it go back for delinquent taxes to be picked up by speculators. Others sold out their holdings to these people in large blocks. However, most of the large concerns, like the Weyerhaeuser interests, formed their own companies to sell directly to settlers. The North Wisconsin Lumber Company of Hayward and other Weyerhaeuser subsidiaries formed the Wisconsin Immigration Company in 1906 to dissipate their holdings.

Most of the settlers who came to the cut-over were impoverished city workers or destitute immigrants from Europe who had sacrificed all their means for their passage. The “Colonization” and “Immigration” companies had fore-

seen this and often settled them on land with little down payment, accepting land contracts or mortgages to secure their interest. Some, like the Wisconsin Colonization Company of Ojibwa, during the 'teens, even built a small cabin and furnished some livestock for the settlers!

The period of pioneering which began so belatedly in the north country because of land ownership by such speculators as Cornell University and the enormous holdings of the giant logging corporations, primarily for its timber stand, became active in the nineties, reached a peak during the war years in the 'teens, and collapsed totally during the depression.

Innumerable "real estate dealers," other than the representatives of the big landholders, became active in proportion to the number of prospects available, shuffling the clients and the land about among themselves. Some of these were: Fuley & Quail, Hersey & Bean, Flambeau Land Co., Veness & Kasl, Cable Land & Improvement Co., and the A. Wise Land Co. The latter firm, established in Stone Lake in 1907, is the only one still operating—as the Wise Brothers Land Co. of Hayward. Scipio Wise is the dean of real estate agents in the area, having sold his first land at the age of fourteen!



**MEMBERS OF THE A. WISE LAND COMPANY**

*Anthony Wise (rear), Lawrence A. Wise, Clarence E. Wise, and Scipio N. Wise,  
Stone Lake, Wisconsin.*

*(TAKEN FROM WASHBURN COUNTY ATLAS, 1915)*

## **"Those Were the Days" ... A Backward Glance**

The first author of the "Historical Vignettes" feature in The Country Print Shop's publication *The Visitor* was Ernest F. Swift who had settled here in Hayward in 1915 with his father's family. Ernie became a game warden and later headed up the Wisconsin Conservation Department. His articles were usually written in the first-person style, much of his subject matter being based on reminiscences of the life of a farm boy of those days; the work, his Indian neighbors, or casual experience with logging.

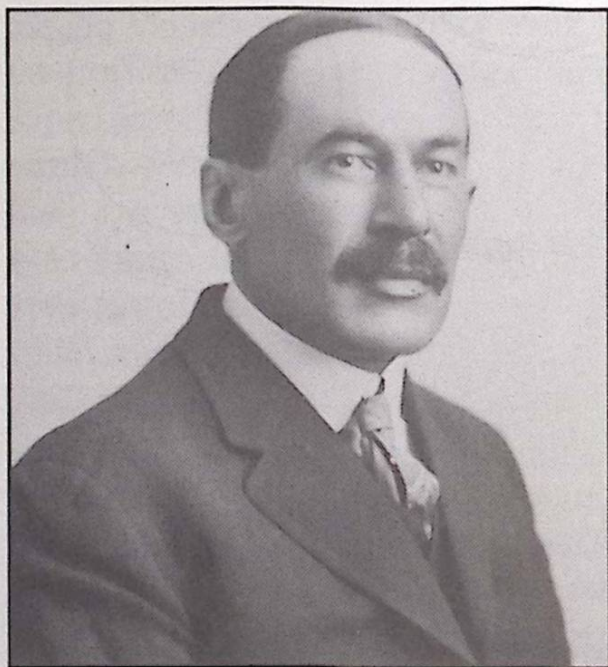
Several years ago while aiding the State Historical Society with a series of interviews with older local residents to record their statements on what life was like when they were young, I commented to the young man who was doing the work that we would have to hurry since the old people would not be here long. "That's alright," he said, "next time we make this round, it will be you that we interview!" Since I have passed that magical demarcation line in man's life—"three score and ten"—perhaps I had better produce my own interview, just in case they don't come around again! My memories of what it was like on a pioneer farm in cut-over land during the middle "settlement" period should be a fairly typical example of the experiences of most farm families. What follows is not "anec-dotage" but is an account of personal recollections used to fill out a thesis. My children tell me they can't remember events of a trip to California when they were the age I was then. Thinking back now and looking at the few pictures we have of that time, memories come flooding back

to me— incidents of a hunt to Mosquito Brook or a hike to Twin Lakes . . . certainly I am able to recall the details of our labors then!

My father, Charles W. Marple, raised on an Iowa farm, had saved some money as a cashcropper, and, recently a widower, wanted to try a new adventure. He had sold out his stock and taking me, headed for the Canadian Northwest. However, in the railway station in St. Paul, a lurking "land agent" waylaid him and convinced him he should try the Wisconsin cutover land instead.

We arrived in Hayward in early April in 1914 and put up at the old Giblin Hotel, room No. 44. He was forty and I was nine years old. Local real estate dealers, probably a referral from the agent, were more than willing to show him land and he soon chose the eighty where I live near Round Lake, land which was fairly level and with dark soil more like what he was used to on the prairies.

This area had been logged by the O'Briens about twenty years before, according to the neighbors. All the pine except for a few scattered trees had been cut down, the fresh appearing stumps attesting to the solid stand of giant trees



*Charles W. Marple*

once there. Many of the logs had not been removed, probably because they had some imperfection. I can remember one down tree which had been cut in log lengths that was 169 feet to the broken top. The butt was higher than my head (at that time). We scraped off the rotten outer shell and took the logs to the local mill where they were sawed up into sound lumber, marred only by wormholes. The obvious waste of the virgin stand was appalling; it has been estimated that as much as forty per cent was wasted. Among the jumble of rotting tops and down trees the new crop of brush and weedy saplings had grown up, looking much like cut-over land today.

My father had made his decision; he must have liked what he found here, for he hired a wagon and team and a carpenter, loaded up some "boughten" lumber and proceeded to build a ten by twelve foot "shack" set up on four log butts for our new home amidst the debris of the logging era. The cabin was not finished inside and was oven-hot in summer and frigid in winter—frost formed on the inside walls on colder days. The settler of those days could be almost selfsufficient with a few animals and the crops to feed them and a garden to help feed himself. Most years provided all the berries and cherries anyone had time to pick and preserve. Rabbits and hares were common in the young growth which came up after the burns, as were deer—a saying among the settlers was, "an acre of rutabagas will yield about 32 quarts of venison!" Taxes could be worked out on the town roads. Many of our neighbors lived in this manner for many years, trading surplus eggs and butter with the stores in town to buy cloth, tools and the few commodities which they could not produce on the farm. The men often worked in the woods in the winter to eke out their cash supply. Needing little cash, few kept many head of livestock and so had cleared only a few acres of land.

The barter-like economy of the cut-over settlers did not fit in with my father's ideas of farming. The cash-crop system was well advanced where he had he set out to approximate it here. He contracted with Dan Homesky, an Indian who was

well-known as a man who would get a job done, to clear the brush and trees and pile the down stuff for burning on twenty acres for a price of five dollars per acre. Homesky hired a few men, set up camp and in a few weeks had finished his contract. Burning the piles turned out not to be a problem for before it could be done in an orderly manner, a wild fire came in on a hot southwest wind and finished the job in a few minutes — our cabin in the midst of the holocaust was saved only by the heroic efforts of my father.

During the summer we cleared nine more acres, so by the end of the first season we had an opening of twenty-nine acres, one of the largest in the community. Some land in the cut-over was then being “developed” — cleared, “stumped” and “seeded-in” — by real estate men who then held it for resale to the land-hungry. Many of the men who did the work were old “batches,” jobless men left over from the logging days. In my father’s case, his plan from the beginning was to have a home and a profitable farm—he had come to stay! He hired a neighbor with a team of mules for several weeks to level cradle-knolls, pull the least resisting stumps and “drag in” a seedbed for the clover and timothy which he sowed among the remaining large stumps and live stubs with a windmill seeder as fast as the ground was prepared. Twenty acres of clover sprang to life to be growing in profusion by the time of the first frost in the fall, its roots put down into the rich ash from the burning, ready for a bounteous crop the second season.

Since we had no team, shopping and recreation the first summer was limited to the distances we could walk. Fishing at Round Lake was the big thing; an evening spent there easily yielded enough bass and panfish to last for several days. When the sound of Indian drums came to us on a rainy afternoon, we walked down the old Chippewa road past Ernie Swift’s home place to the village at Little Round Lake where John Frogg, Paul Carroll and Ka-ge-gabe presided on feast days where we were always welcome.

The strongest memory of that summer is of the constant



*The Author at fourteen.*

work—small boys can pile a lot of brush and pick up pine knots for the burnpile. Mosquitoes, “no-see-ums” and deer flies harassed us at all times and no amount of mosquito netting could keep them off. The smudgepot, the Indian’s only defense against these pests in their teepees, which we resorted to on occasion, was almost as bad as the insects, for saturation by the thick, oily smoke was the only way to make this system work. It was produced by throwing grass or green leaves on a hot fire in a bucket.

Fall brought a partial end to this drudgery when I marched off the mile and a quarter to the Round Lake School with the three Hagen boys. Here we joined about thirty other settlers’ children, ranging in age from seven to fifteen, to learn by rote the three “R’s” and to get a peek at some of the outside world from history and geography study. Perhaps we absorbed as much from listening to the recitations of the class “on the bench” at the teacher’s desk as we did from our own



*Mary Marple's painting of the old hay shed on the Marple farm.*

study at our seats. Certainly by the time we reached the eighth grade we knew it well—we had heard it so many times!

Winter brought on real hardship on the trip to the schoolhouse. When the blizzards came and piled the snow up over the fenceposts and teams stopped using the road, we followed in the tracks of the leader, usually the eldest boy, building up a trail step by step, higher with each snowfall, until a missed step meant a plunge to the waist in the powdery depths. Cold days or a blizzard was never a reason not to hold school for a full day, though on real cold days we were allowed to sit around the stove for a time to thaw out our footwear.

There were games along the way, however; times when we ventured out on the "rubber ice" on roadside ponds, or climbed to the top of a stump or fencepost and tumbled into the snow in a somersault. We sometimes raced in the exuberance of the young through the nearby brush, or gathered anemones, "mayflowers" in the spring, and then hurried up the road



*Sheep on the Marple farm—1915. Note stumps and rampikes.*

to make up for the time we had lost in play.

My second summer was like the first except that we now had a team of horses which widened our ability to drag away logs and pull stumps. We now used a block and tackle which produced enough leverage to yank out the most recalcitrant snags, leaving only the large stumps in the fields. The logs and stump roots were stacked in enormous piles with a jinpole and topline and when the weather was right, lighted, to produce a spectacular blaze which could be seen for miles.

The clover planted the year before was ready for cutting by the end of June. My job then was to walk in front of the horses and warn my father, riding on our new mower, that there was a stub or stump in front of the sicklebar or pitman rod which could cause damage if hit. Big stumps were detoured and the crop mashed down by the machine this way was cut later on a return trip. On occasion a nest of bumblebees was upset, causing a runaway situation with the horses and utter panic on my part.

When the cut clover was dry, it was raked into windrows, then loaded by hand onto the wagon by my father, my job being to drive the horses and distribute and tramp the hay as best I could. The load was then stowed away in a shed we had built from small pine poles and the rough lumber we had cut from the logs mentioned above. The roof was board-and-batten style, tight enough to shed most of the rain.

Now my father's plan for the farm began to take shape. A barn was built to shelter the team and there were stalls for five cows, a pretty good herd for those days. Late in the fall he shipped in one hundred breeding ewes from St. Paul to use up the hay we had put away. A shed had to be built to give them shelter from severe weather. The lumber was cut from our own place . . . more memories—a boy can pull a crosscut saw through the kerf if the man on the other end of it has a good push!

The work the third year was about the same except that now our herd had increased by a hundred lambs, several

calves and a colt. Since the barns were now adequate, our time was spent in preparing a foundation for a good farmhouse. The old adage that good barns will build a new house—not the reverse—was followed here. A carpenter was hired to erect the house and it was soon closed in, thus completing the establishment period of a new settler.

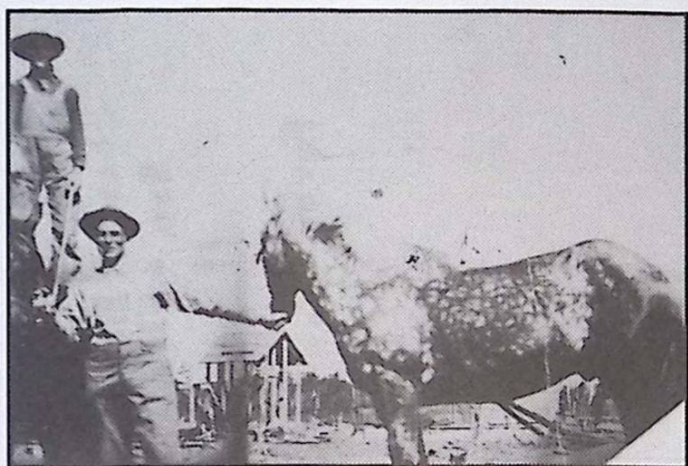
After the settler got his self-sufficient production system going, he could look around to find ways to increase his income so that he could afford some of the luxuries of the day: a smart driving team and buggy, a new lever-type washing machine with a hand wringer, or one of the automobiles which were becoming commonplace on the roads—even if they did scare the horses!

A cash crop was necessary to augment the casual income derived from the eggs and the butter the few animals could produce—there was no ready market for milk then. In this area potatoes became this bonanza, in a good year a man and his family could plant and harvest enough spuds to buy the wished-for luxuries. In the plan of operation my father had set up, in addition to a field of potatoes he had his lambs to sell in the fall. The sheep had fed all summer on sprouts and sparse grass in the back forty where their browsing was used to aid in clearing land as well.

Most of the new settlers came on their land with a family, little money and a mortgage with heavy interest payments—it took them years to work out of this situation. Perhaps using my father's case as an example was not typical since he had enough cash to pay for his original investments when he came. However, he had planned so well that by the end of the third season on his place his farm business was established and he had enough cash to buy a used "tin lizzie" to make his life easier and more interesting!

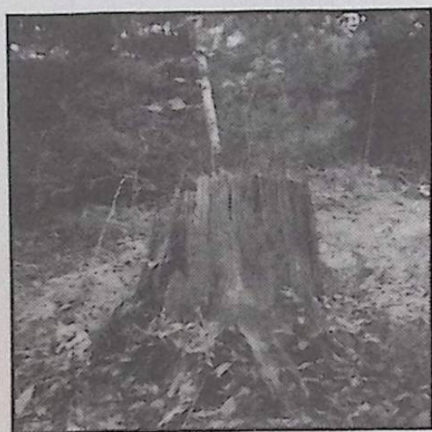


*Charles Marple and County Agent Marcus McClain at the Round Lake School Farmer's Institute—1923*



*Charles and Eldon Marple and the new building*

## *Pine Stumps and Cradleknolls*



Pine stumps and cradleknolls have always had a fascination for me because they tell—much too graphically—the story of the glorious forests of the past, the stumps are evidence of what it was like a century ago, and the knolls, or tip-up mounds, what it had been in the last ten thousand years. Stumps were everywhere when

we came here as settlers in 1914. They were huge and fireblackened, immovable and all-pervasive and as sound as when the tree had been cut from them twenty years before. Crops could be grown among them after the brush had been scythed and the half-rotted tops and rejected logs had been skidded into piles and burned.

After the first years, the stumps still remained, their widebranching roots catching the plowshare, the sudden stop throwing the plowman over the handles and breaking the harness on the straining horses. Some of the moderate sized ones could be removed with a block-and-tackle powered by a team, but the huge black monsters, like a great wooden octopus with roots stretching out twenty feet in all directions, were obdurate. Finally they yielded to enormous derricks on skids, set over them and operated with a screw or cogwheel mechanism. Dynamite and TNT explosives were also used to blast them out of their ancient seats—as a settler's boy I was, perforce, a demolition expert when I was thirteen years old.

The stumps and roots were stacked in enormous piles and burned, often with some of the neighbors in to celebrate the occasion.

The remains of the great white pine stumps, mute testimony to the grandeur of the stands of virgin forest on the past, can still be seen at the roadside if you pause a bit on your way. Their only use now is to harbor succulent ants for the rambling bear to vary his berry diet. The glory of the forest the cruising "landlooker" found in the previous century can, perhaps, be re-created in the mind of a modern research forester trying to estimate from the stumps, the amount of timber the land might grow in the future—that is now called "forest mensuration."

The cradleknoll was formed when some storm of the past blew a great tree flat to the ground, its roots plucking the soil from the up-rooted side to make the cradle depression and after the "tip-up" roots had rotted away, leaving the knoll or mound. The cradle made a fine place for a fawn—or a little boy—to hide in and the mound was a great base for a herd of growing lambs to play "king-of-the mountain" from. The farmer, however, did not appreciate them and his first job in getting a new field into cultivation was to plow the knoll back into the cradle. Millions of them were formed in the many centuries before this—some on top of others—but we can only look with sadness when we see the many ancient trees which were felled in the recent storm, making new cradleknolls in the devastated forest.

## Windfalls

Windfalls are not a new feature in our forested land; they are often mentioned in histories and in the diaries and journals of explorers and settlers. The "big blow" which devastated the forests across Northern Wisconsin on the Fourth of July, 1977, called a "down draft" by the meteorologists, is only a repetition of what has happened countless times in the past when tornadic or hurricane-like winds spent their enormous energy on the earth, uprooting centuries-old forest giants and flattening vast stands of timber. An area might become known for this feature—"out by the big windfall"—or a modern example where the name is retained, like Windfall Lake near Exeland, named for a two-mile long strip of down-timber northeast of it in the last century.

The government surveyors who laid out our land division system in the mid 1850's often found windfalls to be a great hindrance in their work since it was almost impossible to run a survey line through the tangled maze of fallen trees and tipped-up roots. The survey notes kept by a party often read: "*Entered a windfall bearing northwest-southeast*" and later in the notes, perhaps ten chains or even miles farther on their line, record that they had left it.

When my father settled in 1914 on the place where I now live, there had been a storm a few years before leaving a swath of down trees about a mile long. Near my house had been a thick grove of small white pine and they were all laid down in parallel lines to the northeast. Here we found the straight poles needed to erect our first farm buildings and plenty of

posts to fence the eighty—a few of them are still in the line. My delight was to run on the leveled trunks, far above the ground!

Most of the “blows” were small and did not destroy much timber. However, some were immense, particularly if they were of the hurricane variety like and followed a “chute” path of destruction, often several miles wide and a hundred or more miles in length. A story in the *Chippewa Herald* of November 2, 1872, tells of a tornado (the whirling winds of this kind of storm are intense near a vortex and it usually cuts a path only a few hundred feet wide, leaving a tangled mass of timber laid down in many directions) which struck Chippewa County and “blew down an estimated 200,000,000 feet of pine. Only fifteen per cent of which could be salvaged.” This could be a million logs, or 300,000 virgin pine trees!

After a storm the owners of the timber are faced with a complete loss unless salvage operations begin soon, for the sawlogs will dry and crack and boring beetles will attack them and make “worm-hole paneling”—not the best lumber on the market! If left too long, deterioration totally ruins its value. The 1977 storm “critically destroyed” 12,000 acres of timber in the County Forest near Winter and 6,000 more were badly damaged. The stumpage value of this timber may be lowered because harvesting in the disorder of downed trees is very difficult and the breaking off or bending of the trunks causes “shaking” — a condition where the annular rings separate from each other and lumber sawed from it often splits. Since all of this timber must be harvested at the same time, the sudden glut on the market badly depress all timber prices.

## The Seeley Hills

### ... "Birkebeiner Country"

When the great ice mountains of the Chippewa Lobe of the last glaciation melted back from the end moraines it had piled up along the eastward side of the Namekagon Valley more than ten thousand years ago, there was left a strip of tumbled highlands several miles wide. The rounded slopes of these endless mounds of till, pocked with the potholes resulting when giant buried icebergs melted away, remain as the massive forces of the ice age left them—uneroded and practically unmolested by man. This area is now called the Seeley Hills (Seeley was established about 1911—I can find no earlier common name for the area) and it has become newly famous with the running of the American Birkebeiner Race along its forested ridges from Telemark to Historyland.

Today, we of the North Country have dedicated the major part of this region to recreational uses for the general public and to the maintenance of a natural wildlife preserve for their enjoyment. This does not preclude its full use for timber production—a compatible commercial companion. With the parallel strip of "Wild River" park along the Namekagon, our posterity will be able to find some sense of what the wilderness was like before the loggers and settlers laid waste to its primitive beauty.

After the glacier receded, these barren sand hills gradually warmed up and small arctic plants took root to form a ground cover, followed by the semialpine aspen, white birch, willows and the wetland conifers—spruce and fir. Eventually the climate warmed enough to encourage the growth of the

major stands of pine and hardwood the loggers found when they began their harvest a hundred years ago.

The unsorted till pushed ahead of the glacier contained all sizes of material, from rounded boulders down to the dust ground out when they were milled together, the greatest volume of the residue being sand. Behind the terminal ridges, as the ice melted back into the lower areas around Spider and Round Lakes, washes formed which did some sorting, spreading alluvial fans of silt loam.

This process is also evident on the inner slopes of potholes where a cup-shaped lens of silt impervious to water collected at the bottom, producing a "perched water table." When the runoff here is more than can seep down, a lake or swamp may form, well above the normal water table.

The pines thrive on sandy soil, sorting their species into neighborhoods based on the "finds" in the soil. The jackpine, being able to subsist on very coarse sand almost devoid of silt or humus, gets the poorer areas. White pine, the royalty of the "pinus" genus, grows best on well drained sandy loam soils but is adaptable—it can be found with most of its roots in water. It was by far the most dominant of all timber stands in the region between the Namekagon and the lakes at the head of the Chippewa River, even where hardwood stands now have taken over. Red pine (usually called Norway—it gets that name from a notorious stand near Norway, Maine, which was foisted off on buyers there when the better species became scarce) fills in on the intermediate soils and was usually included in the cut of white pine.

The extent of the stand of virgin timber which was in the area traversed by the Birkebeiner Trail is almost beyond belief as a cursory examination of the stumps of the great trees, many of them still sound enough to measure, will attest. In the twenty sections of land (each a square of one mile, or 640 acres) touched by the trail, most of it within view of the skier or hiker, a forester could estimate that had he (or she) made the trip a hundred years ago, he could have seen sixty million

board feet of the world's prime pine, enough to have built ten thousand settler's houses of that day, and the barns and sheds to go with them. To harvest this vast amount in one season, it would have required a crew of 600 men and almost as many horses or oxen. In the general area of the hills from Telemark to Hayward, three times that much timber was probably taken out—one can only guess now.

Some logging was done near the river as early as 1868—there was a driving dam at Phipps then—but in the hills few logs were cut until after Anthony J. Hayward organized the North Wisconsin Lumber Company in 1880 and built the "big mill" on the Namekagon at Hayward. He had realized the advantages of a sawmill near a controlled source of supply of timber and the sure facility that a railroad would give in shipping out manufactured lumber. The Company bought all of the timberland they could get above the mill site which was within hauling distance of the river—it could then be driven down to the holding pond above the dam. This included most of the moraine country. Within fifteen years, this peerless stand of pine, solid and unbroken by swamp or lake, was gone.

A forest is a well ordered and beautiful place, each tree and bush fitted into its niche by millenniums of adjustments, its tops reaching to the sky and high, dark vaults around the



*50 logs scaling 23,970 feet; Loaders: A. Halverson, W. Sheehan & G. Lee. Teamster, J. Lannan  
Feb. 26, 1894 - Colbroth's Camp No. 1*

smooth boles beneath. However, a little man with a saw can wreak chaos on this perfection in a day, leaving ugliness seldom found in nature. A following day of fire can totally change the aspect of the land, leaving it barren and raw, much as the glacier had left it ten thousand years before. Thus ended our ancient pine stand.

The logging was done mostly by jobbers and contractors who got paid by the piece delivered to the rollways on the landing beside the river, their profit depending upon the biggest scale with the least amount of labor expended. Small and off-grade timber was left where it fell—it did not add up as fast. Owners, if aware of this waste—it has been estimated that only forty percent of a stand was made into lumber—must have felt the same about it, the sole interest of either being profit at the moment, with utterly no thought for posterity.

Fire is no respecter of man and runs rampant in the disorder he creates. Behind any timber cutting operation is the mess that requires only kindling for a holocaust. Our “profit only” loggers cared not a whit for fire and its destruction, their only consideration being protection of their camps and log piles. Owners of standing timber had a commercial interest, but on land not their own there was little they could do about fires, since state laws were ineffective.

With the confusion of scattered cutting in the forest, it was burned and burned again, the tops and down logs furnishing the fuel to scorch the seedlings and understory trees to the mineral soil, leaving only the stumps of the



downed giants and scattered rampikes stark on far hills. Grass, wild berries, bracken and brush thrived in the ashes, only to burn clean again in the next running fire. Because of the accident of terrain, an occasional copse of seed trees was left to become a reservoir of rejuvenation for natural stands when fires were eventually controlled.

That was the scene when I first hiked through these hills with my father sixty years ago, hunting or berry-picking. Most of the hilltops were bare then—Mt. Telemark was visible from the last hill on the course near Hayward. Oldtimers then said that the logging had been completed twenty years before, but there had been little recovery! Since that date I have spent much time there—as a forester, hunter and “tourist” on skis, snowshoes, snowmobile or by car. From the “Big Springs” near Telemark to Mosquito Brook, I have had a lifetime interest in the area—my “most familiar” homeland—and I take great joy in the feeling that I may have had some small part in developing the new forest.

In the twenties, with better state control of wildfires and the burning by settlers, and especially in the thirties when their forces were augmented by the ready men of the CCC, protection of the rapidly growing volunteer seedling stands was highly efficient and they soon became a young forest.

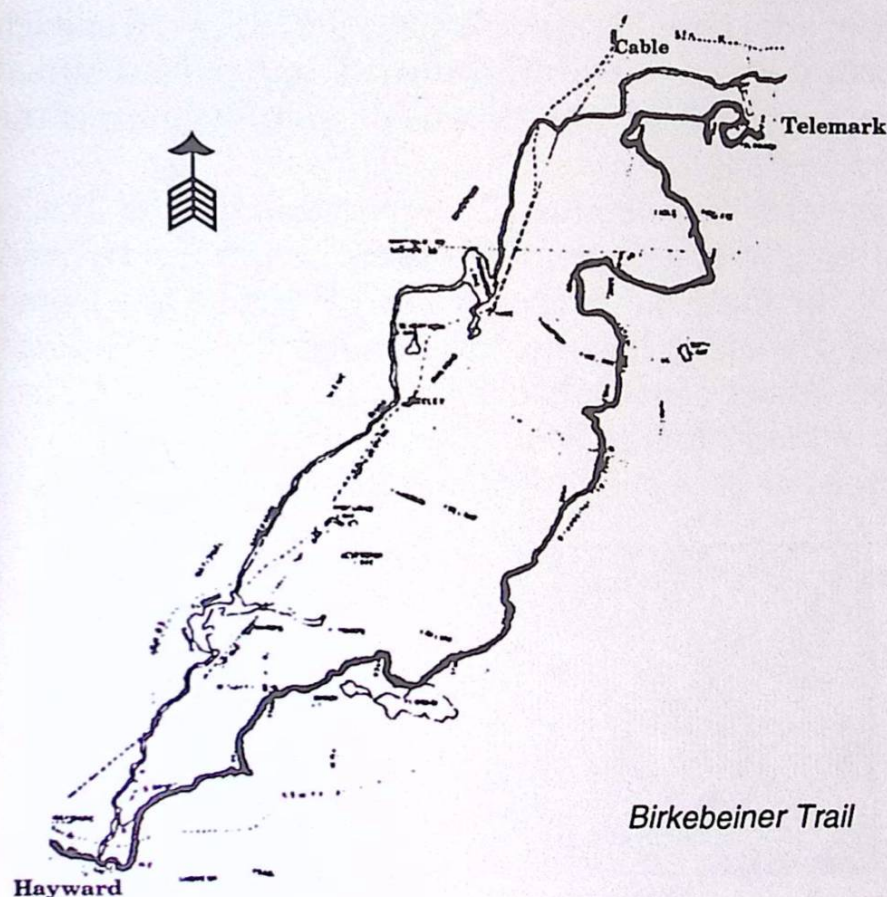
After the logging period was over, a few homesteaders and farmers settled in the hills, clearing the scattered brush for a garden and potato field, their cattle roaming freely over the grassy slopes nearby. They did not stay long since the steep and sandy soil was not suitable for farming—they left there only a few years of their life and a cellar hole to mark the location. The whole region became tax delinquent after the period of speculation in cut-over lands and was picked up by the county under the Forest Crop law.

Northwest Wisconsin was the last part of the state to get a population other than Indians, and before the settlement of farmers (mostly after the turn of the century), those who came were people employed in the lumbering industry. With the

loggers came narrow toteroads to take supplies out to their camps, winding tortuously among the hills. They also built hauling roads to the nearest landings: on the river, wide and well graded to accommodate enormous sleighloads of logs. When the farmers came, they built town roads to the nearest market, straight and usually on the section lines.

The American Birkebeiner starts at Telemark, the wintertime spa nestled in an idyllic valley at the base of the hills on land once contended for by F. H. Drummond and A. J. Hayward, lumber tycoons. The area has changed little, other than for the buildings and ski facilities, since I helped Tom McClaine run survey lines from the old logging dam in the river at the highway crossing to Big Springs in 1921.

After the initial run around the course on the grounds to get spaced out, the racer heads west on the trail to touch on the



oldest road in the region (first shown on an 1876 atlas), which had been cut southward from Cable through the hills to Spider Lake. It is now called the Seeley Tower Road and the Birkebeiner Trail roughly parallels it from KM 9 to KM 23, crossing it westward at KM 19.

The firetower at KM 17 was built by the DNR in 1933 with labor from the nearby CCC Camp Smith Lake. At 21 KM the trail comes to the old Leonard's Toteroad, sometimes called Horseshoe Bend Road, which was used to supply the camps north of Spider Lake from Leonard's Station in the logging days. At KM 23 the trail crosses a more recent road which was rebuilt by the CCC and named for Hans Thompson who had a farm near its entrance to the hills.

After KM 25 the trail crosses a later town road, now labeled Hwy. "00", the main East-West access in the area. Here we have come out onto the alluvial flats behind the moraine for a distance. The silt loam soil here is good enough to support a fine young stand of hardwood timber. In 1910 and for many years afterward, there was a sawmill south of the road here.

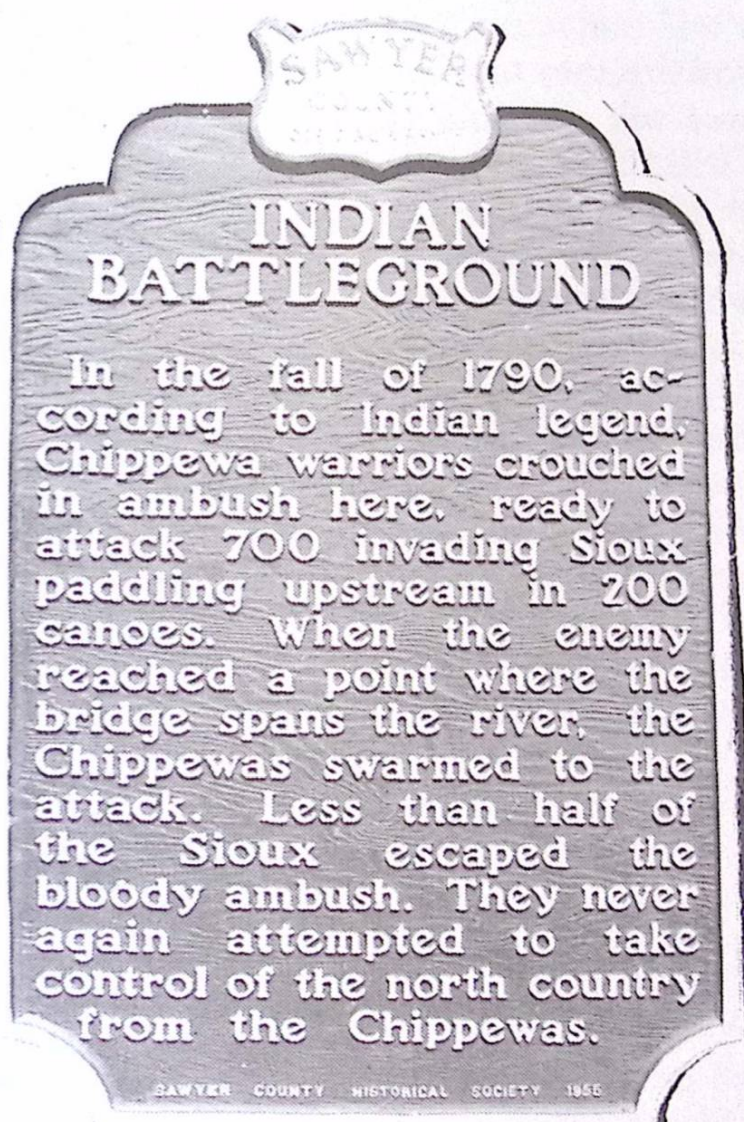
The first "Spider Lake Road" is crossed at KM 33. It was used in the eighties as the main totetrail from the railroad sidings at Hayward and Phipps to the camps on the Upper Chippewa. The lower end was later called Colbroth's Road (the logger, John Colbroth, had a camp here in the nineties) but it is now the Thannum Road. The section from the trail to Upper Twin has been overgrown and abandoned. The main



*Waiting for the racers!*

road of the forest network is crossed at KM 37 and the trail then swings west to the Mosquito Brook Flowage.

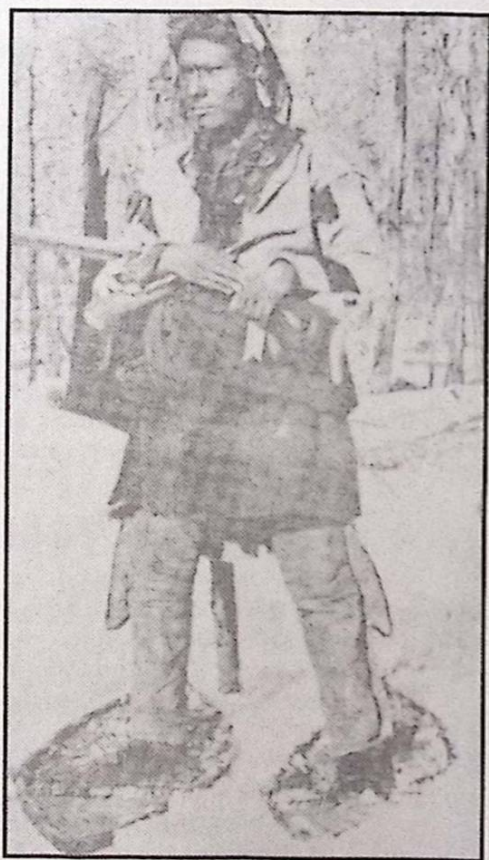
The Old Chippewa Trail which began at Chippewa Falls and joined the Valley Road at Phipps, is crossed at KM 40 where it also goes over Mosquito Brook. The last leg of the Birkebeiner follows the ridge with a view of the Namekagon Valley back of the Fish Hatchery. It then drops down to the tamarack swamps on the terraces of the old glacial river bed for the final race across the fields and the lake to the finish line at Historyland.



## "Rackets," "Boards" and "Sissibakwud"

Late winter brings to the residents on the North Country a feeling of depression because of the past months of snow and cold and dark days, but as the hours of light increase daily, they take heart in the knowledge that soon the snows will sink and the waters will run freely again. It is the time when an occasional warm day melts the surface of the winter's accumulation and with its greater density and moisture content, the whole mass settles, making travel in the forest the best it is all year. To really see and appreciate many features of the wilderness, this is the time to take to the woods and observe what is not easily seen at other seasons.

When Europeans came to America, they found the natives using snowshoes for their wintertime travel. The Indians made them essentially as they are now with a white ash outer rim and fir crosspieces, laced with a web-



*This Indian of the late 1880's used snowshoes to ease the task of walking. (Courtesy of State Historical Society of Wisconsin)*

bing of rawhide of moose and caribou. For early winter when the woods are often deep with soft, fluffy snow, they were made long and wide. Even with this great bearing surface, the "musher" often sank deeply—each step was a burden and he developed a weary, wide-legged waddle as he dragged the snow-clogged webs with him.

Pierre Esprit Radisson, who spent a winter with the Indians in this area in 1661, wrote: "There did fall such a quantity of snow and frost . . . very light and not able to bear us, albeit we made rackets six feet long and a foot and a half broad. Often thinking to turn ourselves, we felled over and over again in the snow." Late in the winter he reported jubilantly: "Here comes a wind and rain—the snow sinks—we need rackets no more!."

By late February the seasonal change has usually come and it is a real pleasure to "run" the woods on narrow "French racers," particularly on frosty mornings before the mid-day sun softens the surface crust—then the webbing becomes heavy with wet, clinging snow. As a forest technician I spent six winters on snowshoes during the thirties and remember with great pleasure the relief of being able to swing through the woods with ideal bearing on thickly crusted snow, almost unhindered by brush or down timber, the best time of the year to study terrain or timber stands.

It is unusual today to see someone on snowshoes, but, even if they do not provide the swiftness and ease of travel that their flamboyant cousins, the skis—"wings of the snow"—do under specific conditions, the "musher" will plod many miles during a day over the worst of country. They are still the best tool for travel in heavy woods and hilly land where they lend mobility to earthbound feet.

The Scandinavians (particularly the Norwegians) brought skiing to this country—wherever they settled they formed a ski club and found a nearby hill for a "jump." J. K. Swenson, later a county judge, organized one at Hayward in the 1880's and a slide was promptly cleared on "Norwegian Hill" above

town. Meets were soon being held where local jumpers vied with each other for honors of the day. Those who did well went off to compete with jumpers at Duluth and Ashland in the "big time." Out of respect for their meager efforts, good at that time, we will not mention the distances they jumped then.

Cross-country skiing was just a means of travel in the days before the universal use of the automobile caused the roads to be cleared all winter. There were some competitive meets, but they were not so well publicized or glamorous as now. Most rural families had a set of skis for each member to use for fun or travel. At the country school they were ranked on end in the nearest drift and the roads had a well-packed ski trail beside the sleigh track.

Skiers in those days usually made their own skis, planed from white ash, butternut or sugar maple boards and turned up by bending over a timber after steaming above a pail of boiling water on the cookstove. Ash was the lightest but maple was the "slickest"! Some were pretty crude—barrel staves, for instance—but where daddy was a wood-craftsman, they may have been a work of art. The binder was leather, cut from a discarded harness, nailed to the top of the ski and held on the boot with laces. Poles were cut from any convenient willow thicket or salvaged from an old cane fishing pole.

When we take to the woods on the late winter snow trails, what should we see? The forests and the terrain can be the laboratory for endless studies: ecology, glaciology, forestry, identification of plants, birds and animals, history . . . or, perhaps you would like to spend a few frosty moonlight nights observing the antics of mating snowshoe hares!

Surely, as you "mush" or "shush" through the wilds you should see something besides trees and brush! Even if you are roaring through on man's latest mechanical monster, the snowmobile, you can pause and shut off the motor, and when your blood has quieted enough so that you can see and hear again, there are unlimited mysteries within reach!

My particular interest has been the finding and mapping

of the trails of the Indians, the roads cut through by the early settlers and the hauling and toteroads left by the loggers. Although grown over—in many places large trees are now lodged in their banks—they are easily followed by the shape of the old roadbed and the type of vegetation growing in the path. A famous one is the “military” or “mail route” trail from St. Paul to Bayfield. It was there before 1850 and still can be found, much of it in wilderness areas. Locally we have the old Stillwater gig trail up the Namekagon Valley and the Chippewa Trail from Chippewa Falls to Phipps.

Suppose you would study glaciation. We have most of the features of the last big one on exhibit between Telemark and Hayward. Two giant end moraines face each other across the Namekagon Valley. Several succeeding glacial river terraces are on permanent display along the river. A kame is a conical mound formed when a whirlpool wore a hole down through the mile-thick ice which then filled with water-born till. Telemark keeps a beauty on its grounds! To the east are eskers, formed by debris tumbling along under-ice rivers or down giant cracks in the ice mass—highway engineers seek them out for pre-sorted road materials.

Potholes we have by the thousand in the terminal moraines, formed when buried ice masses melted away. We even have a rare drumlin—a long, smooth barrow (the reason for its formation and shape is unknown) beside Hay Creek on the Moose Lake Road.

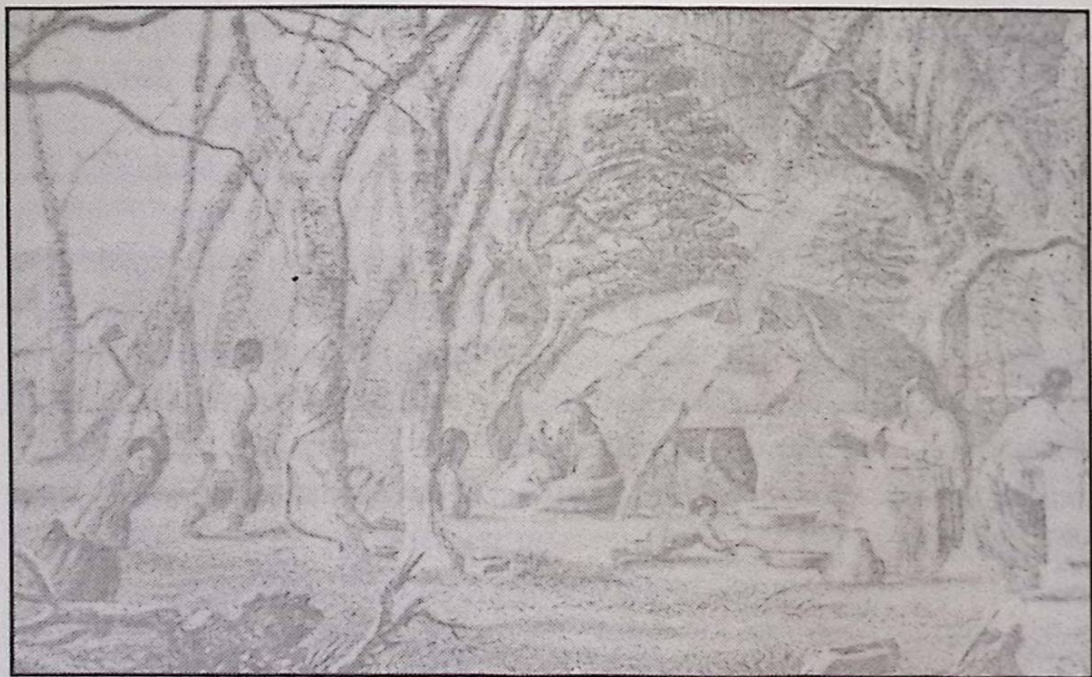
Also often noticed in the woods, although not attributable to glaciation, is the “cradleknoll” or “tip-up” mounds. They can be found in the forest by the millions and were caused when giant trees were blown over—the roots plucked soil from one side leaving the “cradle” and when the roots rotted away, the plucked material was left in a pile beside it, the knoll.

A late winter activity which is carried on in the deep forest before the winter snow melts down is that of the maple syrup or sugar harvest. Although most of the people who are vitally concerned with it are single family units who gather only

enough for family waffles and flapjacks, there are some large commercial operators who set up factories in their maple groves. Steaming hot syrup poured in the snow for hardening makes a delicious instant candy!

*Acer saccharum*, the sugar maple, also called hard or rock maple, grows on the richer well-drained soils east of the Mississippi and throughout the northeast and eastern Canada. The tree, one of the most beautiful in the forest, grows to more than 75 feet and up to four feet in diameter. When the trunk is cut or bored into at the time the sap is rising (the "sapping" season—sunny days in the early spring when daytime temperatures reach 40 degrees and nights drop to 20 degrees), the injuries will yield 10 to 25 gallons of sap. To make one gallon of syrup, about 35 gallons of sap must be evaporated down—sugar takes a little more. Wisconsin produces about eighty thousand gallons each year, but most of the sugar and syrup comes from New England and Quebec.

To the Indians, "sissibakwud," maple sugar, was an easily stored staple food which could be gotten from a "sugarbush"



*This scene of a Chippewa maple sugar camp was drawn by Seth Eastman. (Courtesy of Minnesota Historical Society)*

near to most any woodland group. Their methods of making it, copied by the colonists when they came over, were essentially the same as those used today. The trees were hacked with a stone axe and the oozing sap was collected in birchbark baskets. To evaporate the watery exudate to a consistency which would "sugar off," they dropped hot rocks into the receptacles to bring the thin liquid to a boil. When the syrup was thick enough it was poured into "mokuks," small birchbark containers, in which it was kept.

The maple sugar was eaten as a moist solid, almost black from the ashes which had blown into it from the fire, and it was added as a flavor and substance to soups and stews or dissolved in water to make a sweet drink. It flavored a large portion of their food and was used for barter with the fur traders and settlers.

The chiefs who chose the location of the Lac Courte Oreilles reservation planned to have several "bushes" within its boundaries. The ancient trees still there today are rough and enlarged around the base because of mutilation by generations of sappers who made cuts in their trunks or, later, drove their spiles into auger holes to drain off the liquid into carrying pails. The camp-out of the whole family in the late winter snow at the "sissibakwatokewin" was a time of festival and hard work for the harvesters. The early missionaries who kept school for the children complained that they had but few students when sugar-making time came around—little feet can make many trips between the trees and the boiling pots at the fires.

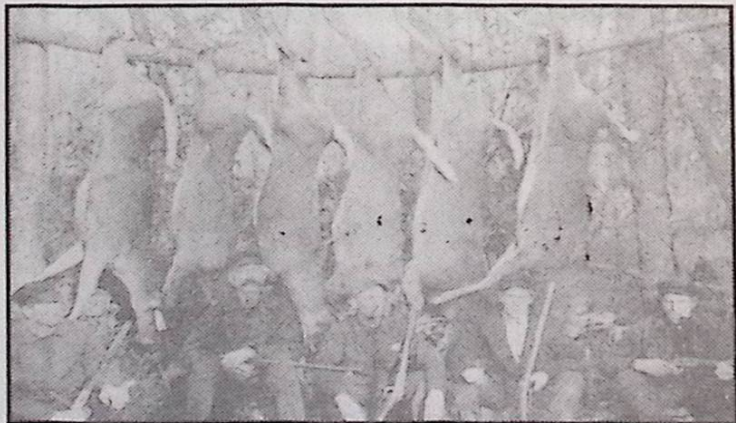
## Lake Nelson . . .

### In The Footprint of the Great Blue Ox

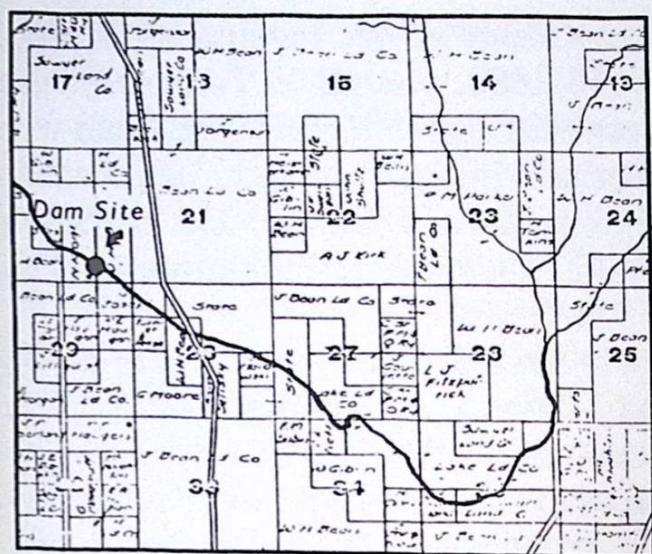
The area traversed by the Totogatic River has always borne the reputation of being a true wilderness; remote, unsettled and teeming with denizens of the forest of unique characteristics—the fiercest cats, the fattest bear and the “Tobatic” buck—the one to surpass them all!

These fabulous tales were accepted even for the big loop of the river, shaped like the footprint of Paul Bunyan’s ox, which comes nearest to Hayward at a point only a few miles to the north of town where its waters reach within a mile of the Namekagon River at Phipps—kept apart from it by a quirk of the glacier—the inverted horseshoe valley that is now occupied by Lake Nelson.

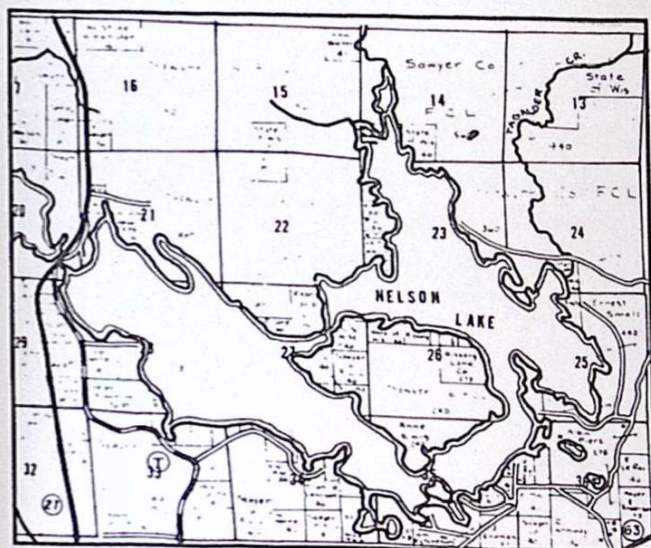
The virgin pine forests were sparse along the upper Totogatic so it was almost ignored during the famous logging days and the soils were so poor that the land agents were not able to lure farmers into buying the waste cut-over lands of the timber barons. Consequently records of the activity of either



*“Tobatic Buck”*



*Big Bend of the  
Totogatic from a 1912  
platbook*



*Same area from a  
recent platbook*

loggers or settlers are also scarce; building a story from them was difficult.

The government land survey in the fifties mentioned only one detail of human usage in the township, that of an Indian trail which crossed what is now Big Island in Lake Nelson. The next visitor of record was Albert C. Stuntz, the "landlooker," who came up from the Namekagon April 8, 1867, according to his diary, and stopped for lunch at the "Narrows"—probably the site of the present dam forming Lake Nelson. He then went down the river to a dam and an old camp, probably at the lower end of the bird sanctuary.

The first record I have found of the logging of the "Big Bend" country is October 16, 1886, when D. E. Tewksbury put in a camp on the river, contracting for Hersey and Bean who owned most of the timberland here. Their dam "eight miles northeast of Hayward" went out in 1891, putting it about a mile above the head of Lake Nelson, where the remains of an old logging dam can still be found.

John Moore appears to have been the first settler in the valley around the big bend. He took out a homestead claim on May 19, 1891, at the section corner beside the river near the east end of the big island where the roads from the south and the east meet under the water of the lake. Another on the southwest side of the island was entered in 1903 by John B. Goulette.

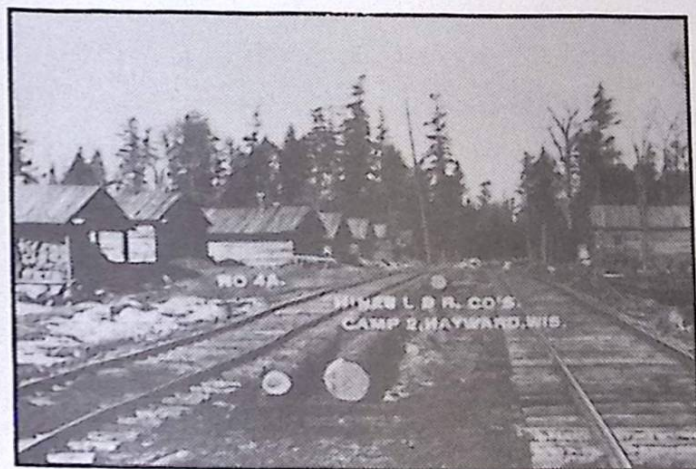
At the west end of the lake a claim was filed by George H. Case on October 1, 1903, on the forty west of the present dam. It was bought by Nels Krogh in 1909 and there was a road to this place before 1897 along the route of Highway 27. A road from Hayward, passing east of the hospital and Smith Lake and ending on the river at the base of the peninsula was also shown on the 1897 map. No road was shown to Moore's place until 1902 and it came in from the east.

Fred Etlinger took out a claim in what was the depths of the "Tobatic" in 1908. a half-mile above today's road on the north side of the lake. His access was to the east and he crossed the river at "Etlinger's Landing," the present park on the east side of the lake. The creek now called Tagalder was then called Etlinger Creek. His holdings were sold out by sheriff's sale at the order of his wife in 1913—apparently she did not like the Tobatic!

However, another woman, Emma M. Madden, filed a claim farther back in 1904. It was at the site of the old dam mentioned above and a trail was shown on one map down the west side of the river and across the island to the Moore place. This about completed the settlement of the valley in the early days, though back over the divide there were others around

the Yankee school east of Milny Lake and at the Smith Lake school.

Another event which opened up the valley was the building of the Hayward and Northwestern railroad up Bradley Brook by the Hayward Hardwood Lumber Company in 1900 to their mill at the upper end of Smith Lake which was to tap the virgin hardwood and hemlock stands on the ridges to the north. It was later extended and crossed the present lakebed east of the dam and far into the depths of the Tobatic. It was in use by the Hines Lumber Company until they sold out in 1911. After this the valley reverted to a virtual wilderness for twenty years, its solitude disturbed occasionally by hunters and in the summer by nearby farmers harvesting "bluejoint"



*The Hines Railroad in the Tobatic*

and "scratch-gut" hay in the marshes in the bottomlands.

The period of the twenties brought a new consciousness to the people of the North Country of the excesses of the logging and settlement times, and a new concern for their forest environment developed. Led by conservationists, professional and volunteer alike, a movement to save what was left now became active. Fires were curbed, conservation clubs were formed, and citizens took part in making plans to repair some of the damage done by our reckless occupation of the land. The great depression proved a boon to this program. Work had to be found for the unemployed and conservation offered plenty of it.

On January 9, 1934, a resolution was brought before the County Board by Frank O. Nelson, a member and an untiring worker for conservation, to "build a dam across the Totogatic River to create a large flowage or lake from the backwater, suitable for fish and which would furnish a refuge and breeding grounds for all kinds of wildlife." This was to be done with Civil Works Administration funds but this program ended in confusion. The Works Progress Administration—WPA— followed and made a survey for this project. By October, 1935, forty men from the Federal Transient Camp at Hayward were working at the dam with Jim Hamblin as the construction foreman.

There was often opposition to the conservation projects that Mr. Nelson, then chairman of the County Board, and the Planning Committee which he appointed, proposed. A report in the newspaper stated that the project, "will make one of the finest lakes in the county. It is rumored a few resort owners are opposed to the creating of the lake, believing it will be a choice resort territory. It may be true that someone may establish a resort somewhere on its shores, but the intent of the Conservation Committee for the flowage is to make it a nursing pond for pike." In that they succeeded!

Unfortunately Mr. Nelson died on November 15, 1935, before he could see the dam completed. After his death the County Board passed a resolution naming the flowage being formed at the big bend of the Totogatic, "Lake Nelson," in his memory, stating that: "this project was primarily proposed and started through the untiring efforts of the late F. O. Nelson."

## *Big Ones*

### *That Didn't Get Away . . .*

The Hayward Lakes Region has always been famous for its fishing waters. What was fishing really like in the days when its lakes and streams had few fishermen and these waters reportedly abounded with fabled big "lunkers" who had never seen a lure? Were the "big ones" as plentiful as we are led to believe? The answer to these questions is without a doubt an affirmative according to what records I can find of those times. In September of 1892, a *Fishing and Hunting Guide of Northern Wisconsin*, a twenty page booklet authored by O. E. Rice, was being printed by the *Hayward Journal News*. We will quote from it, with some editing.

*"The Namekagon River is acknowledged to be by far the best trout stream in this part of the state. It is a very common thing for two fishermen to bag one hundred to one hundred and fifty fine trout in a day's fishing, and many times, twice that many. The best fishing is where the Omaha railroad crosses the river, down to the lower dam. The trout in this stream reach a large size; catches of two or three pound fish are common. "Chaqua," or Round Lake, is a beautiful body of water east of Hayward about one hour's drive through a fine timbered country. The waters are cold and clear as crystal, and stocked with perch and the finest lot of black and rock bass to be found anywhere. You can catch them until you are tired of pulling them out. The waters are so transparent that fish can be distinctly seen at a depth of twenty feet.*

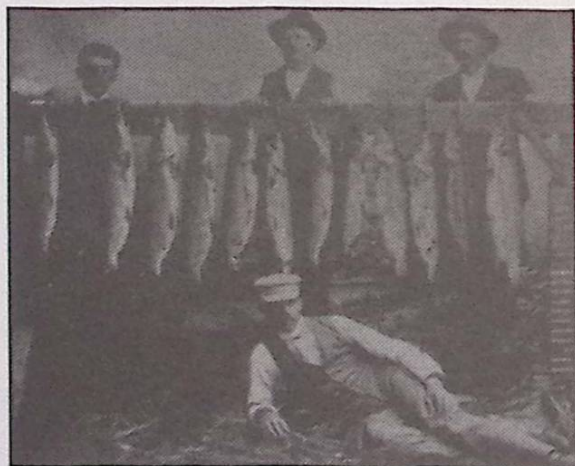
*"Perhaps better known than any other lake in North-*

ern Wisconsin is Lac Court Orielles because of the Indian Reservation established there in an early day. In addition to an abundance of lake fish, here are found plenty of game fish, the muskallonge. Large quantities of fish are shipped from this lake every summer.

"Near the terminus of a splendid turnpike carriage road built from Hayward in 1891 are justly celebrated Lost and Tea Lakes. Here is destined to be the favorite fishing resort of this section, as the waters are filled with the ordinary lake fish before named; also, here alone is found the famous wall-eyed pike, which is no doubt the finest lake fish caught. In these waters the lover of sport realizes his greatest expectations, for the famous muskallonge fish are here caught in great numbers. These cannot be landed with a pole because of their great size and strength. They run all the way from seven to sixty pounds and are taken on a trolling hook. Six hundred pounds of fish were caught in two days by a party of three about the middle of August, 1892.

"Namekagon Lake is well stocked with fish and seems to be the breeding place for speckled trout that fill the river. The muskallonge is at home in these waters."

The *Hayward Republican* of August 2, 1884 calls their readers' attention to an article in *The American Field, the Sportsmen's Journal*, written by C. H. Crane. Mr. Crane tells



of his qualifications as a sportsman and belongs to a "Quintette Fishing Club" whose motto is "Rational Sport"! He found lodging at W. E. Cornick's fishermen's camp at Spider Lake Road about a quarter of a mile from the lake, on June 15, 1894. We quote, again with some editing, portions of his

article.

*"Contiguous to Spider Lake are Clear, Island, Bass, Lost, Tea, Twin and Round lakes, all of which are literally alive with bass, muscallonge and wall-eyed pike.*

*"Saturday we spent fishing at Clear Lake for small-mouthed bass. Our catch was something marvelous, being ninety-four bass and six muscallonge. Some of the bass weighed five pounds each. We packed and shipped to our friends in Chicago a box and a barrel of the finest. True sportsmen that we are we did no fishing Sunday.*

*"Monday we set out by team over a splendid forest road for Tea Lake, five miles away, where we put in a very enjoyable day with muscallonge and pike. The muscallonge were small but gamey. The pike, however, averaged large; from two to fifteen pounds. The catch for five rods for the day was seventy-eight fishes; weight three hundred and seventeen pounds. These were packed and sent to the "heathen"- we did not know what else to do with them.*

*"One day I fished at Tea Lake by myself and saved no fish under two pounds. My catch was three small muskallonge and forty-five wall-eyes that would average four pounds each and one of ten pounds."*

That fish were as plentiful as the above reports have stated, there is little doubt. It is possible that these writers were "hacks" and were advertising the area, but Crane stated

that this was not the case. The newspaper reported separately the shipment of several barrels of fish at the time the Crane party of "sportsmen" were here. There were other reports in the newspapers of large catches and the shipment of fish.



*Nan Marple and bass—1935*

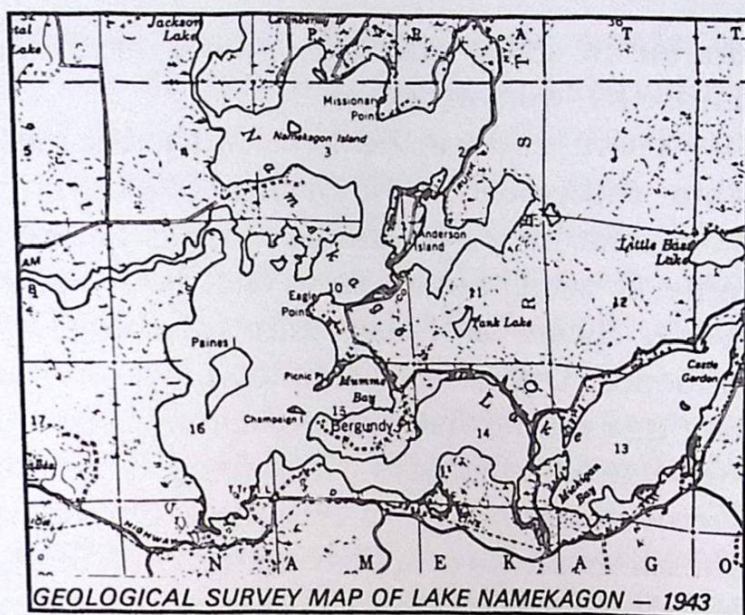
Commercial fishermen were common in those days, either legal or not, and instances are mentioned as routine. The fish were cleaned and salted, or heavily iced and shipped express overnight. There were game laws at the time, but perhaps they were more liberal. Jake Christie, the pioneer on Spider Lake who blazed the trail to it before the railroad came up the Namekagon valley in 1882, hauled his barrels of fish to Phipps for shipment. The cave where he prepared and stored his catch was pointed out to me by the late Oscar Johnson, lifelong resident of Upper Twin Lake, in a bank below his house. Apparently Jake found the fishing better here than at his resort on Spider and later on Lost Land Lake.

There is little doubt that the lakes and streams abounded with all kinds of fish at this time, each especially so with individual species, and that fishing pressure was negligible. Certainly there has been a diminution of the supply and a rise in the number of anglers, but these lakes are still here, most of them in essentially the same biological condition as they were then; consequently they should produce an equal yield.

There are many experts on fish propagation and management who can give you all of the answers, so I would not presume to leave the field of historical research and offer suggestions to facilitate the return of the bounty of the past. However, in my notations on fishing in those days, there are recurring entries that disturb me. To cite a few: on May 14, 1899, "Osmundsen put 250,000 lake trout fries in Round Lake" and in the same year William Hogue put ten cans of "pike" (no mention of what kind) in this lake.

When I fished there as a boy, many years ago, we caught only bass and panfish—plenty of each—despite the efforts of the meddlers with nature's laws, or ecology (the presently popular and overworked word for them.) A body of water has a character, a set of conditions, which become settled and certain. The reports of the bounty found by Mr. Otis and Mr. Crane specifically points out the places where it could be found. Perhaps history has a lesson for us!

*"Place  
of the  
Sturgeon"*



## *Namekagon Lake*

The Namekagon River rises from a jumble of lakes and streams in the southeast townships of Bayfield County, in the great basin formed between the cupped hands of the end moraines pushed up by the Cary and Mankato lobes of the last glaciation. The principal body of water in this area is Lake Namekagon, its shores nestled against the precipitous slopes of the deeply potholed ridge to the south. The lake, shaped like a flying "V", gathers in most of the drainage from the eight by twelve mile valley and spills it into the river which flows out from its western arm.

The name, Namekagon, can be loosely translated from the Chippewa as "Place of the Sturgeon"; *name*, sturgeon and *agan*, place: or as Bill Sutton, who speaks fluent Chippewa and English, says, "Sturgeon Territory!" Sturgeon Lake is *Namewib* and Sturgeon River is *Namewibisibi*. An 1853 map lists the name of the lake as *Nidjikwe*, which translates as "equal woman," meaning a "fellow woman like myself"; possibly referring to the fact that both wings of the lake are

similar in shape and size. However, Bill translates this phrase as "woman chaser!"

There is little in the way of authentic records of any early white settlement on Namekagon Lake, nor is there much more information on Indian villages before the white man came. It would almost seem that both races avoided these sylvan shores as if they were inhabited by some malign influence. One local writer cites a legend that Jesuit priests long ago established themselves on Missionary Point but were later eliminated by the Indians. The editor of the *North Wisconsin News* wrote in 1888 that: "On the north arm of the lake there used to be a thriving Indian Village, and it is said that a mission was established there more than 200 years ago. There are now no marks of either except an Indian burying ground."

The most persistent tale of the early residents of the Namekagon Lake area is that of the so-called "Chief Namekagon" who lived as a hermit on the small island in the north bay of the lake. His real name was *Ma-quam-me-we-guan*, "Old Ice Feathers." He was given this name by the Indians when he came to them as a refugee from "beyond the Sault" on a very cold day, his beard covered with feathery frost from his breath. He was allotted land at Odanah under this name on May 11, 1863; the E2 of the NE4, S3648-3. There are persistent tales that he had access to a silver mine, presumably in the copper range where this metal is sometimes found, and that he paid for his supplies in raw silver.

That Old Ice Feathers lived at Lake Namekagon there is no doubt; sometimes on the Island but usually on the point to the north. A Pratt item in the *Ashland Press* dated January 10, 1885, states: "*Namekagon, an Indian 108 years of age, who has lived on an Island in Lake Namekagon for the last 48 years, visited Cable a few days ago. He looks to be about 80 years old. His eyesight is perfect, his teeth are all sound and he thinks nothing of walking 20 miles a day. He is living a hermit's life and spends most of his time hunting and fishing.*"

The old hermit moved to the Marengo River in order to dispose of the timber on his allotment and took to habituating the streets of the white man in Ashland, the better to realize the profits from the same. On November 18, 1886, in a blizzard, he froze to death beside the trail between these places. As reported by George Francis Thomas, who had romanticized the story of the old man in his *Legends of the Land of Lakes*,

*"he laid down during the fearful storm last week—a strange coincidence, for in death he was found covered with feathery icicles" !*

Much of the original government survey of the Namekagon Lake area was done by Albert C. Stuntz of Ashland during the 1850's. On May 2, 1868, as a "land looker," a professional estimator of timberland, he visited Section 12, about two miles west of the outlet of the lake. He reported that "the pine looks like a poor chance for logs!"

The critical action which determined the course of the logging and settlement of the land around the lake was the reorganization of the North Wisconsin Lumber Company in June, 1882, when the Weyerhaeuser interests decided that A. J. Hayward's assessment of the opportunity to control all of the timber on the upper Namekagon was worth any investment needed. The Omaha railroad, which had acquired, as a development grant, every other section for twenty miles along their line, also appreciated the economic advantages of this monopoly and agreed to transfer their holdings to the Hayward firm if the manufactured lumber would be shipped over their lines.

One of the pertinent facts that Hayward had missed, however, was that another firm, The St. Croix Dam Company, had a franchise from the legislature for the use of the Namekagon River which gave complete control of the water flow. This meant that they could hold the water back of a dam at the outlet of the lake to get a good head, then flush their logs down the river on the crest of the flood, thus wasting the total

yield of the drainage area at one or more releases.

The key to the success of the Hayward operation was the steady flow of water from the upper Namekagon system, including the reserve above a high dam at the lake, to turn the turbines at the mill. When water was needed at Hayward on March 21, 1885, to start the season's cut, "Louis Larson and Frank LaMoth were sent to this dam last week to open the gates and did so, but employees of the Dam Company ordered them to leave and closed the gates by superior force"; thus forcing the mill at Hayward to close down for lack of water. The St. Croix Company was entirely within its rights according to their franchise and they had to keep the head of water to expedite their drive. They served an injunction on the Hayward people to restrain them from interference with the dam at the lake and the lumber company commenced suit for damages for the loss of water to operate their mill. They also held up the logs of the Stillwater people at their own dam in Hayward.

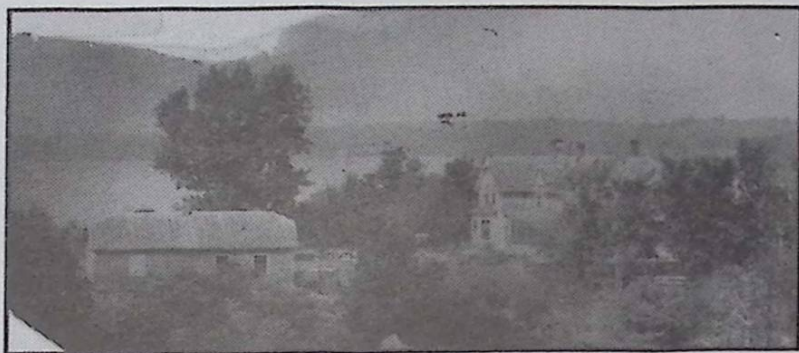
The impasse was broken when the Hayward firm got a smart lawyer, Roujet D. Marshall, to manage their campaign to break the stranglehold the Dam Company had on the upper river. In his autobiography he stated: "I very soon appreciated that the only thing to do was to practically capture the river, and I commenced operations to that end." He procured from the legislature "an assignable franchise to Anthony J. Hayward quite as broad as the existing franchise and with a general repealing clause so far as the old franchise conflicted with the new one," thus effectively rendering it useless and practically confiscating the works built by the Dam Company. Hostilities ended when the Hayward firm paid them \$5,000 for a transfer of the dam and the improvements used in connection with it. Hayward's dream of a monopoly on the upper river was now assured. By the next October they had built a new dam, allowing them to drive their logs down to the mill at Hayward and saving the rest of the water for an augmented flow in dry periods.



*The old lumber camp at Joe LaPointe's place on the southwest bay of Namekagon Lake. One of the early fishing camps.*

Logging must have been in full swing around the lake by the time the big confrontation at the dam but there is little mention of it in contemporary records. In March, 1885, the Hayward newspaper mentioned that Gaslin had two camps on the lake and on May 16, Gaslin and Hanson's drive went out. On January 14, 1888, the *North Wisconsin News* reported that Hanson & Heffron had cut 20 million feet and were hauling it to the lake with six-ox teams on a four-mile road. On March 31 the "Chief of Namekagon," a large steamboat, was shipped to Cable by the North Wisconsin Lumber Co. and on May 19 it towed a raft of 1.7 million feet of logs across the lake to the sluices.

On August 11, 1888, Frederick Weyerhaeuser, the timber baron of them all, with his partner, M. G. Norton and the lesser officials of the Hayward company, made a trip to Namekagon Lake to oversee their operations there. They arrived by team at the steamboat landing where they boarded the "Chief" for the trip to Castle Garden, "a city of logging camps and hovels, situated on the eastern arm of the lake, presenting a very picturesque and novel appearance, and is celebrated as being the headquarters of Bill Hanson's bold



*The Anderson Homestead on Anderson Island*

gang of timber sharks."

The week after the boat trip, R. L. McCormick and Frank Drummond, heads of the companies which owned practically all of the timberland in the area, were at the lake "to spy out a feasible route for a County Road from Cable." Apparently the poor roads traveled the week before by the lumber kings had displeased them. The route chosen that day probably followed the old road to the river, thence directly to the lake near the dam or east to the present site of Lakewoods. In 1891, "the historical place, Castle Garden" was mentioned as a log shanty "five or six miles beyond The Cove on the road to Lake Namekagon." "The Cove" would be the bay at the, old LaPointe place.

On August 25, 1895, the editor of *The Hayward Republican* reported his trip to Namekagon Lake in detail. His party arrived by a rough wagonroad at Glover's, a modern summer resort built in 1894 near, the North Wisconsin Lumber Company's camps and toured in "Lady of the Lake," visiting Champaign Island which was owned by W. S. Burkhardt whose sumptuous home was then four years old. Namekagon Island was inhabited and several farms with comfortable homes were visible. Castle Garden camps had been abandoned and were in use by camping fishermen.

The farms seen on this boat trip were probably those of Nels Anderson who had settled at the north tip of Anderson Island in 1890; Louis Nelson on Missionary Point; and Joseph LaPointe on Eagle Point. LaPointe later moved to the south

bay and occupied an old logging camp, renting out the primitive facilities to summer people, but later erecting a fine house for his guests. The old camp was at the Nystrom mill but it would seem that the older log buildings were part of the earlier camp mentioned above. Elmer Anderson, son of Nels, was born and grew up on the island homestead and he helped me fill in some of the blanks.

The Namakagon School was one of the last five one-room schools in Wisconsin to close on consolidation with a larger center. Below, along the lakeshore, were the camps and mills of the early loggers. This is the village of Namakagon; sometimes it was called "Good."

A 1906 platbook shows that the Lake Superior and Southeastern Railroad ended at Campbell's on the east side of Cranberry Lake but later maps have it continuing to the mill on the forty south of Namekagon Village. It was not used after about 1921 and the roadbed was then converted to a town road. There was also a proposed extension of the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Ashland Railroad past the west end of the lake, but it was not built south of Chequamegon Junction near Delta.

At first Lakewoods was just a landing for the resort of H.D. "Judge" Laughlin of Chicago which was on Champagne Island. The first building on the shore was put up about 1907 for a caretaker. Joe LaPointe, who later built a resort at the old lumber camp in the first bay around the corner toward Forest Lodge was then serving in that capacity. Mary Nemec Gallup and Anna Nemec Young worked at Laughlin's resort when they were girls, Anna eventually becoming owner of Lakewoods.

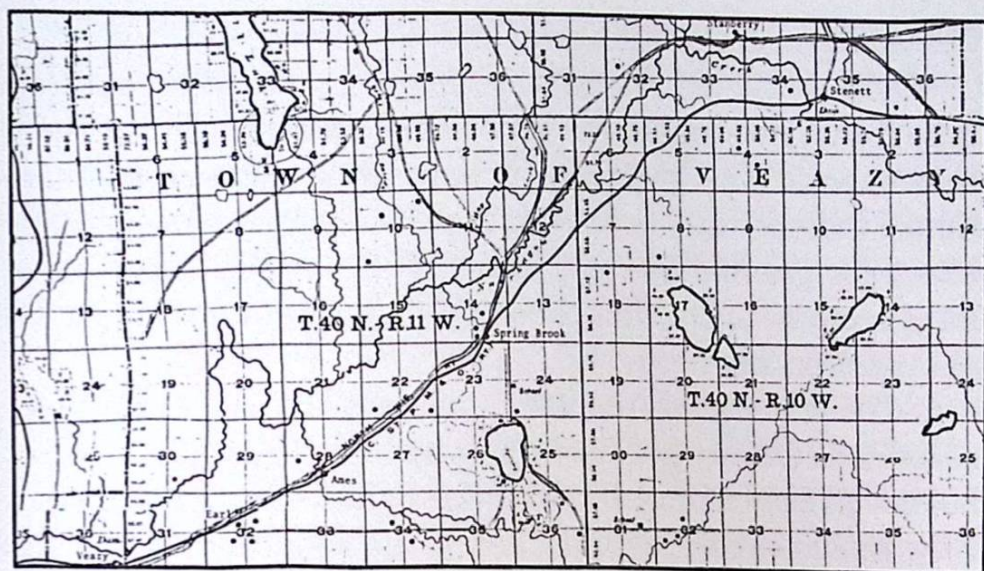
## Hopeful Towns, Now Gone ... Stewart to Veazy

The Namekagon River and its valley have long served residents of our area as a roadway, but despite its importance to travelers in the past, few records have come to us of its early exploration. We will attempt to trace the routes of some of the travelers and tell when and where early visitors found favorable places for settlement in the valley between Hayward and the Big Bend to the west and north near Trego.

To the Indians the river was a fine waterway for their travel in our area but the circuitous route it takes to the northwestward in its lower course before it joins the St. Croix made trips toward the Mississippi-St. Croix junction impractical—they usually used the Cedar or Chippewa. Good fishing in its waters and in nearby lakes attracted many families who made their summer homes on its banks. During the blueberry season the valley floor became a sea of berries and pickers flocked in from afar. Ricing time brought much movement again as families moved to the harvest. Totogatic, Pacwawong, Tranus and Spooner Lakes had the better rice beds along our section of the river.

Henry Schoolcraft, the Indian Agent, in his trip to Lac Courte Oreilles in 1831, left the river at the portage below Hayward but mentions that he sent his assistant Lt. Clary, on down the Namekagon.

Scattered logging was probably done along the river before the Civil War but few records were left. A government trespass agent and "land looker," Albert C. Stuntz, did leave some precise information in his "Diary" which can be used to



1896 Harmon Map of Washburn County  
(Note the name "Namekagon Creek"!)

date the time of timber-cutting along the Namekagon. On May 31, 1864, he came up the river and found that Hanson & Tewksberry had cut about 1,000 "Norway" logs between the present sites of Spring Brook and Stinnett. He went to their camp, probably on the bank of the small lake on the Shue farm, and assessed them with trespass costs. Their log mark was a combined H & T.

On May 4, 1868, on another inspection trip, Stuntz visited H. H. Hanscomb's camp in Section 14-40-11. Being a driving camp, it would have been on the river, probably near the old bridge above Spring Brook. On May 5 he *"went down River with Wanegan until Noon and Left at the mouth of Bean Brook to See What there was on Potatoe Creek!"* It is interesting to note here that, though there were no known settlers on these creeks at the time, they had names from the English language, probably given them by loggers.

In the development of communities, the firstcomers settle along the pioneer roads and when they come in numbers, they go back in and their roads follow them. In this area, the last part of the State to be developed, the loggers cut out "gig" trails and "tote" roads to get men, teams and supplies to their camps, mostly in pine areas. The timber they cut was then

floated down convenient streams.

Indians did not always travel by canoe as the romantic may think; foot-trails were to be found between all the major settlements. The government surveyors sometimes mentioned them in their notes, but apparently they were usually taken for granted and not recorded. Certainly there must have been one up the Namekagon Valley, although Stuntz did not mention any here.

The first road up the valley was shown on an 1877 map of Ashland County (the north 12 miles of Sawyer County has not set off from it until 1883). It was called "State Road from New Richmond to Ashland." Later, the loggers developed it into a wagon road which early settlers called the "Stillwater Road." However, most of it was abandoned when the railroad was built up the valley in 1881 because it was easier and cheaper to ship men and supplies by rail than to haul them over sandy and sometimes muddy wagon roads.

The first permanent settlement in this stretch of the river was established in the southeast corner of T40N, R12W, a mile-plus east of Trego in 1877 or before by George Veazie. He apparently planned for a prosperous enterprise there, offering the loggers and travelers almost anything they might need. His stopping place and barns, first built of logs and later with frame additions, were the equivalent of the modern motel; his store sold lumbermen supplies and the complex offered offices for his own and other lumbermen's operations.

There was a dam across the Namekagon at Veazie but there is no record of who built or controlled it. The old State road crossed the bottoms and when the water was raised by the dam, a raised trestle had to be built on piles across an arm of the flowage for teams to cross. The dam went out in 1901 and a new road has been built across the swamp on the township line to replace the elevated structure. When the railroad was built to Veazie in 1881, the town grew on both sides of the tracks. The section house first located here was later moved to Spring Brook where it still serves as a home.

Veazie was a post office from 1883 to 1887 and the town hall of the Town of Veazie, which consisted of the northern half of Washburn County, was located here.

George Veazie sold his holdings in 1898. A fire burned out the buildings on the south side of the track and all that remains now is an occasional fragment of burnt wood or scrap of metal turned up by the plow.

The only other settlement mentioned or shown on maps as contemporary with Veazie in this section of the Namekagon Valley was Stewart and I have never been able to find a record showing exactly where it was located. The most probable site is the old camp Harry Shue told me was on the State road beside the little lake on his farm in 1904. Stewart's Station is mentioned in a news report in 1883 as "three miles below Hayward" where "Banjo Bill" Knowles ran a stopping place. Tom Pratt, later a business tycoon in Trego and Spring Brook, had a small log stopping place here from 1882 to 1886 but I would guess it was in the field north of Stinnett. The station was probably a tie platform beside the railroad. An entry in the diary kept by Stuntz in 1867 noted that he visited Stewart's camp and that he "*found that he had worked along the river for 4 miles,*" but did not specify exactly where.

After the Omaha Railroad was built through this part of the Valley in 1881, track maintenance sections of about six miles each were laid out and a foreman and crew hired to do the work. A "section house" of the "T" style of architecture was provided for the foreman (Phipps and Spring Brook each have one which was moved from another location; Stinnett has one near where it was built.) It was usually set at a crossroad within the section and they often became the nucleus for a new village. If use warranted it, a station and siding and a tank where the steam engines could pick up water, was added by the railroad. A general store with a post office and even a stopping place or hotel often would follow.

Henry H. Ames had a stopping place or perhaps a store (he once had a store on the Lac Courte Oreilles Reservation) at

Bean Brook before the railroad came through and he then got a post office which he kept until 1887. An 1882 map shows an Ames station. We can find no positive signs of its location now, nor was there a crossroad near Bean Brook then.

The metropolis of the portion of the Namekagon Valley we are discussing is now known as Spring Brook. It developed around a stopping place established by Joseph Trepania on his homestead in 1881 and was known as Namekagon for many years. He sold a right-of-way to the railroad, the deed being dated in 1882. An 1882 map did not show this place, perhaps because it was not considered a railroad station then. The old State road crossed to the north side of the river here where it branched into loggers' trails to Hayward, Chittamo and Minong. Another came in from the southeast from Stone Lake. Namekagon was listed as a post office from 1891



*The Alfred Trepania family (son of Joseph), probably taken in front of Trepania Stopping Place in Spring Brook—1901.*

through 1903 and may have been one before this, probably taking over the Ames office in 1887.

Namekagon changed its name to Spring Brook at some time before 1904 when the post office was newly listed. However, the 1896 Harmon map shows it as Spring Brook. For several decades before the automobile came into general use, the village thrived as a business center

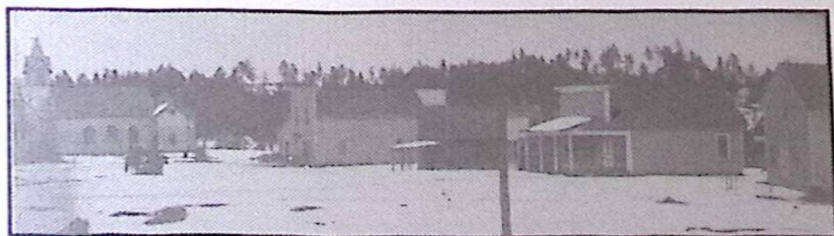
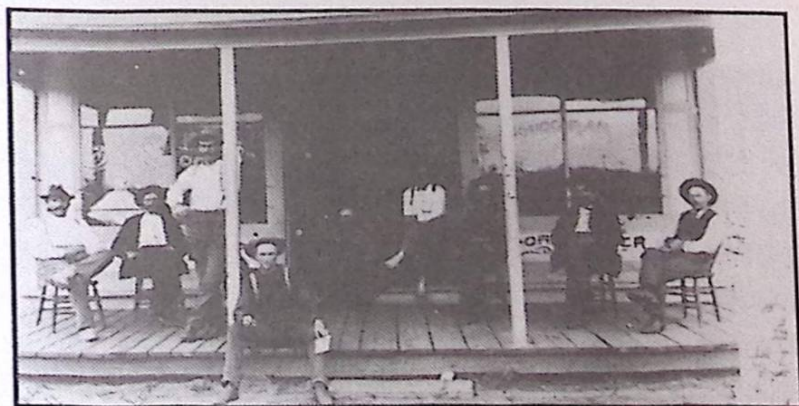
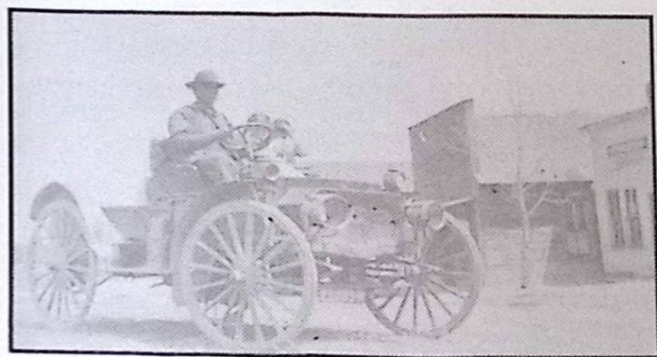
and a shipping point for forest products and potatoes for the many farmers tributary to it.

The village of Stinnett apparently developed from the railroad section community and supplanted Stewart. The tote road north to Chittamo began here but the State road to Hayward crossed the field to the north. "Sinnott station" was

mentioned by Folsom in his 1888 book. There was an early logging dam here and at sometime after 1896 it was used as a bridge for a road to the south. A post office was listed from 1891 to 1894 and on the 1915 Plat Book.

Earl developed from a community of early settlers clustered around the crossroads near the cemetery. A sidetrack was put in to handle their produce. By 1915 Earl had a post office and school.

The last village to develop along our valley was Stanberry which was established for the section crew on the Soo Line being built through there in 1906/07. Because it was the main



*Early views of Spring Brook's Main Street*



*School picnic on Stinnett Bridge*

line, there were many transfers to Stinnett and Hayward, so a station was set up: first a boxcar, and later a modest depot. The town had a church, post office, and grocery store.

## Look-Alikes

### Along the Namekagon

A settlement of people, no matter how small, usually takes on a name designating its uniqueness or its difference from a nearby community. Often a name was only temporary as the conditions of its origin changed or it disappeared when the place was abandoned. Sometimes, because of a common character, several localities in the same area became known by the same name.

The Namekagon River is the thread which connects four widely separated places which took its name in four counties along its length. In one, the name was abandoned, two have changed to some other designation, and only one has retained its original title.

The oldest of the four *Namekagons* was in Burnett County and was located at, or near, a bridge across the Namekagon River between its confluence with the St. Croix and the Totogatic Rivers. This bridge was used by travelers on the old St. Croix Mail Road between Fort Snelling and Bayfield as early as 1850. "The Bridge" had a stopping place in 1864 when Stuntz mentioned it in his diary. He also got his mail there regularly. Edward Gordon, son of Antoine, the founder of the village of Gordon, kept the hotel and had a trading post there.

An Indian village called Dogtown, reported to have had several hundred residents at this time, was south of the river near the bridge. It was abandoned when a bad epidemic of smallpox decimated the population. An 1882 map of Wisconsin locates this Namekagon in, Section 28, T42N, R14W.



1901 map of Wisconsin showing location of "look-alike Namekagons." (The site in Burnett County is marked with a star.) Also shown is the route of the Drummond and South Western Railroad. Note Lake Owen is called "Long Lake."

Nothing remains today at the bridge settlement or at Dogtown.

The largest "Namekagon" settlement on the river is still extant and growing. Since 1904, however, the post office has been known as Springbrook and the town may have been called that for some time before. No one seems to remember why the old name was not satisfactory. It had been a post office under the old name since 1881 when Joseph Trepania built a log stopping place there. An anomaly in regard to the dual names is that a map of about 1900 shows both of them, but Namekagon is spotted about three miles southward from Spring Brook. This is probably a cartographer's error since it is well known that Spring Brook was first called Namekagon.

The next "Namekagon" up the river is a name on a map only since today there are few signs, less memories, and no known records of this place. It apparently was named out of the head office of the D & SW, The Drummond and Southwestern Railroad, when they needed to designate their southern "terminus" which was on the Namekagon River where Big Brook joins it a mile and one-half north of the Sawyer County line. The name probably was in common use by the personnel

only. The location had long been known for headquarters camps and log landings. Hanson sent his crews up Big Brook from here in the eighties for the North Wisconsin Lumber Company and drove his logs down to the Hayward pond. His company owned many sections of timber well into Rust-Owen territory.

Gordon Sorensen, the Drummond historian and author of a study of the logging railroads of Bayfield County, theorizes that the D & SW had a landing on the Namekagon to deliver logs they were cutting for the Hayward company, either on the North Wisconsin land or their own. The line ran about four miles southwest from Drummond to "Namekagon Jct.," then trended southward along Big Brook to the landing at its mouth. The old roadbed with tiemarks still visible in it can be found along the east side of the Namekagon.

Sorensen states that the D & SW was built in the late nineties. Frances Pierce, whose parents settled on the slough at the south end of Pacwawong Lake in 1897 when she was a baby, told me that when she was very young, she was at Leonard with her father and she remembered hearing a sharp, ringing sound. He told her that men were pounding spikes into railroad ties in the tracks they were building down by the river. This part of the D & SW was soon abandoned as the timber was cut out but much of the roadbed is still there, some of it appropriated for town roads.

Another community in which our "Namekagon" name was in use for a short time is known today as Squaw Bend. It was also known as "Leonard" or "Leonard's Spur" and it had a post office in 1903. The name comes from a horseshoe-shaped meander in the river a few rods south of Squaw Bend Road. No one remembers now where the name came from but it was well known to the log drivers because they often had serious jams in its sharp loop. It has always been a very active crossroads with log landings on the river in the days of the drives before 1907 and many different sawmills since then. There is a magnificent bank on the west side of the river just

above the Bend where a grade has been cut, either for a railroad or a hauling road for sleighs. From it the logs could be dumped directly into the stream. The many mills that have been set up in the area include those owned by the Radloffs, Bjerres, Fink, Mattson, Spitzler and Thompson—all gone now except for Radloff's. Vortanz at Seeley and Rasmussen at Pacwawong still operate as the others once did.

In the late nineties, F. C. Leonard's headquarters camp was located across the Omaha tracks and his tote road led eastward through the hills to Spider Lake, Clam Lake and Glidden. The sidetrack beside his camps was called Leonard's Spur but the post office was Leonard. Frances Pierce told of the time she watched the clerk in the mail car "hook" the mail sack off the car as the train went through.

The old highways between Hayward and Cable came up the west side of the river (including the earliest, the 1877 "Stillwater Road"). Crossing Big Brook a quarter-mile north of the Namekagon. A "hotel" was shown here on a 1909 map. About 1910 the main valley road, later designated State Hwy. 24, was built down to the west side of the river on the section line (now called Squaw Bend Road) and turned north along the river to Big Brook. At this turn and between the school-house and the river, Chester Laudenschlager set up a small store with the name, "Squaw Bend," on the headboard above the door and despite what would appear to be an unfavorable location, was reported to have had a good trade.

When the new road was laid out up the east side of Pacwawong Lake in 1926, Laudenschlager built a new store on this highway which he called "The Wigwam." His place became famous to travelers and locals alike for its services and its "bar" and dancehall. He also had as a tourist attraction, Alice, a "gentle" live bear tied in the yard, who was known to play a little rough at times. She eventually cornered Chester in her shelter one day when he was cleaning it up and when he finally got out, he was minus most of his clothes—that was the end of Alice!

The fourth Namekagon is at the eastern tip of Namekagon Lake near where Castle Creek, the headstream of the system, enters it. It is called Namakagon Village (note spelling), a subdivision laid out on the point between the creek and the flat where the North Wisconsin Lumber Company had their "Castle Garden" camps in the eighties. For many years there was a school on the lofty knoll above the village. In 1921 a spur of the Lake Superior and Southeastern Railroad was extended along the lakeshore to the mill on the flats where the old camps once were but it was soon removed and its bed converted to a town road. The present village, made up of local residents, vacationers and retirees is quiet and thriving.

The many Indian villages known to have been along the Namekagon River before white settlement can be another series of look-alikes. In 1888 the *North Wisconsin News* reported that "on the northern arm of the lake (Namekagon) there used to be a thriving Indian Village." This site was on Missionary Point, at the Louis Nelson homestead. Later it was reported by the loggers that grave shelters were found there when they came.

Odabossa's Village on the bluff at the west side of Pacwawong Lake was mentioned by several explorers and settlers. To test out these reports, I accompanied Mark E. Bruhy and Gordon R. Peters, archeologists associated with the Great Lakes Archaeological Research Center, to the site. Their trained eyes promptly found spalls and broken bits of chert and quartzite from a "workshop" of prehistoric times. A hammerstone was picked up from the surface at the edge of the cornfield, once an Indian graveyard. They also corroborated the presence of mounds from an ancient Indian culture in the area. At the time the Wild River boundaries were being decided, I pointed out these sites to the planner and they are now included within the Park boundaries for preservation.

The village at "Lake-of-the-Cross" or "Little Payquayahwang" above the Phipps dam has never been precisely located. An alternate location for this site, or perhaps another

one, could be on the Hayward Pond, likely about where the present Indian village is set up at Historyland!

Other Indian village sites along the Namekagon have been mentioned by explorers and a careful study of records and survey notes could yield us more information on them. The village at Dogtown, mentioned above, was well known in recent times. There were also camps near Trego and at the river's junction with the St. Croix, which, if they could not be located from historical records, probably could be found by the archaeologists by field examination.



*Air view of Pacwawong Lake, with site of the Indian Village on lakeshore in center foreground. Field is location of their gardens and burial ground.*



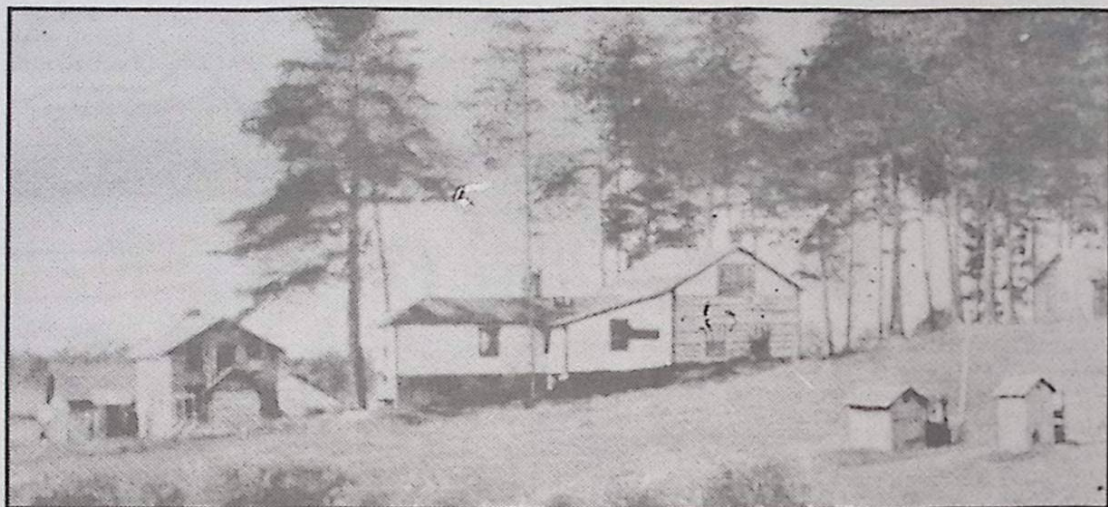
*Phipps Dam*

## Spider Lake . . . *The Jewel That Jake Christie Found*

A look at the terrain from a plane today over the Spider Lake Region will make it obvious why early mapmakers gave the complex of lakes, bays and wetlands that name. It is stretched out in myriads of shapes and contours, and has a shape of a giant, many-bodied spider spraddled among the forested hills, the needle-like peninsulas and blocky bluffs accentuating its flowing lines.

Spider Lake is at the headstream of the Chippewa River, its eight-mile long parade of lakes and creeks spread along the southeastern edge of the end-moraine highlands in northern Sawyer County, catching the runoff from the elevated water tables deep within these hills in numberless springs along their western shores. East and south of this chain is the ground moraine of the last glaciation, generally level, with hummocks, rolling hills and a touch of kettle-moraine and outwash plain to vary the contours. The sandy hills along the lakes and the heavier-soiled highlands to the north and west once supported a prime stand of the best white pine, shortly to be devastated by the hand of man.

The landlooker and the settler probed early into the wilderness that was around Spider Lake, searching for profit and, perhaps, solitude. Some found for a time the remoteness they sought, but soon the hills echoed with the sound of steel on wood and the crash of trees as the loggers slashed out roads and hauled the timber away to the mills. The settler and the "sport," the fisherman or the more adventurous of those days, mingled with the departing lumberman; one to populate the

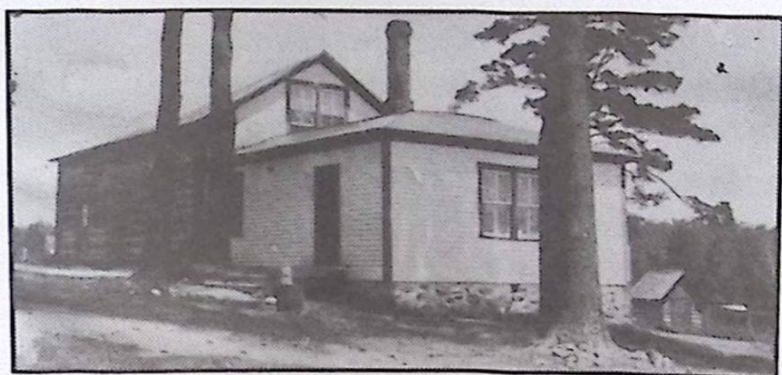


*Cornick's Spider Lake Resort—First Resort on Spider Lake  
and oldest existing area resort.*

raped forest lands and the other to seek his diversions on the lakes and in the hills.

Activity by man within a wilderness is followed by roads for he cannot endure the hindrance of rough travel. Conversely, roads show the presence of man in a new country and the historian searches the maps which may show the routes of the migrations so he can better understand their course. Sometimes, to hurry the settlement, the road comes first. The latter seems to be the purpose in the action of Ashland County on July 3, 1867 when they ordered "a good winter road cut through from some point on the lake shore near Ashland to Long Lake; from there to Packwayuwang Indian village." Perhaps this road was built, for on an 1876 map, it is shown to the present location of Cable from whence it threaded the hills to the vicinity of the Spider Lake church. This road was actually cut through, either at that time or within a few years—it is the road from Cable to the junction west of the old CCC camp. From there to the church its course is more obscure (there are so many alternates left by the loggers) but I have been able to trace most of it. Logging did not become prevalent west of Spider Lake before 1890 . . . The question arises—who needed this road before then?

Eccentric Jake Christie—he must have had a pioneering



*Jake Christie's Spider Lake Resort*

spirit—may have followed this road in to Spider Lake. The tale is told that Jake “was the first to blaze out a trail from Phipps” but there is no date for this feat (probably in 1881 when a warehouse was in use there). The *North Wisconsin News* reported on April 4, 1885 that Christie had “been building a summer resort hotel out on Spider Lake.” This was the first place in the area put up with the announced intention of being a resort, although stopping places and homes probably had been taking in boarders during the hunting and fishing seasons.

Christie's new resort was built on land which had been homesteaded by Currie G. Bell, who had filed his claim in 1883; in 1886 he quitclaimed the forty (SW SW S34-42-7) to Jacob M. and Mary A. Christie for \$50. Jake's summer resort became primarily a stopping place much used by the loggers who were cutting on the upper Chippewa by this time. It was located on the knoll northeast of the junction of Hwy. 77 and Heinemann's road behind the several large pines there now, about a quarter mile from the south end of the lake. The old log barn burned in 1902 and the unused hotel tumbled down over the years.

In 1886 Jake subdivided this forty and named it “The Village of Clyde” (after his son). Not a lot was ever sold from this plat, but it is still No. 1 on the Sawyer County record of subdivisions. The Spider Lake school, now the Town Hall, was erected in the southeast corner of this forty in 1915.

By 1889, Jake and Mary were having troubles and she moved to Hayward. Jake rented out the place to Matt Ford of "Hubbard" (now Phipps) and in 1891, to F. C. Hall, "for fishing"! The next year David Archibald had it and in 1893 title passed to the North Wisconsin Lumber Company. In 1894, William E. Cornick took over the old place as a "Fisherman's Camp on Spider Lake."

Bill Cornick and his wife, Matilda A. (Turnbull), moved their resort up to the lake by putting up tents for guests on its shore. In 1896 it was reported that a cottage they built there "was the only building at or near Spider Lake!"

On January 8, 1898, the Empire Lumber Company transferred Lot 4 on the lake, and adjoining the above forty, to the Cornicks; presumably this lot is where they had been building their lakeside cottages. The title transferred contained the following conditions by Empire: "reserve unto itself all the pine timber—and the right to use the shores—for the purposes of holding, storing or driving logs or timber, and the right to erect and maintain a dam on any stream, and to flow any part thereof, and the right to pass and repass over and through said land"! Apparently they were not too hoggish under the terms of their contract for they left an island of virgin timber around the resort which is still there, to remind us of what might have been, had we the foresight to control the logging. This lot was homesteaded by Theo. B. Wilcox in 1879; he sold it to Empire.

The Spider Lake Resort had cottages on "Johnson's Point" in 1899 and a correspondent who visited the place that year gave a glowing account of its wonders, including tales of fish he caught. The June 26, 1902 issue of the *Hayward Republican* reported that the Cornicks were erecting a seven-room building at the resort. This is probably the main lodge at Heinemann's place today. The old resort was sold to Alex LeTourneau in 1921 and he operated it for many years. The holdings transferred then included most of the shoreline of the south bay. On July 13, 1902, two homesteaders received

their titles from the government: Frank Griffin in the southeast quarter of Section 28, where the Daggetts now have their cottages, and Gus W. Feldt, a barber in Hayward, in the southwest quarter of the same section. Griffin died in 1906 and Feldt sold to E. A. Feldt in 1907. Part of the government's bargain with each homesteader who filed for free land was that they must live on their land part of the time for five years and make improvements, which included a livable shack. Thus these men must have filed in 1897.

John Holmes received his homestead title to Lot 1 and part of the northwest quarter of Section 28 in 1904, selling the 147 acres to Arthur E. White and wife, Lillian (Drake), in August, 1905, for \$800. "Art" had come to the county in 1897 from Augusta and, always an entrepreneur, shipped out the area's first carload of livestock to the market. He settled at the corner of Round Lake School and Peninsula roads where he had a sawmill and lumber camp—the three log buildings were still extant when I lived there in 1915 as a boy. White transferred all of his logging operations to his new place and cleared out a large farm and built and operated a resort.

A schoolhouse was built at the intersection popularly known as "Art White's corner" in 1914 for the many new families moving in at that time. The old road was also known as Art White's road until Mike Murphy, a tough old camp foreman, was hired to rebuild it on the section line; then because of the near impassibility of the new road over the sharp sand hills, it became known as "Murphy's Folly," later respectably renamed Murphy Boulevard.

Hiram Stewart settled on the knoll at the corner in 1914, his son, Isaac E., a half mile northeast. The Prestons moved a mile further north eastward and bought White's mill in 1918, eventually moving it to the shore of North Lake of the Spider chain where the family logged and sawed lumber for many years.

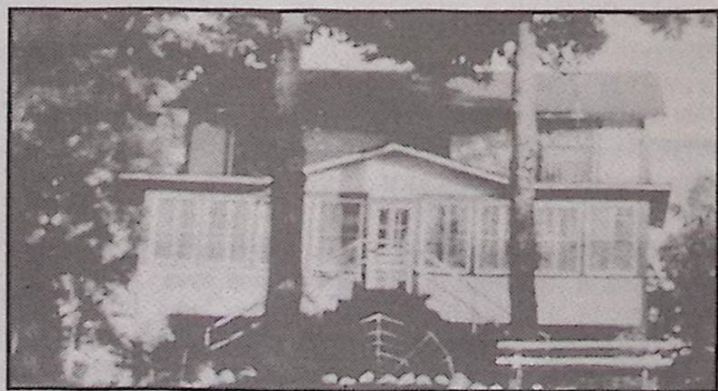
After World War 1, resorting increased swiftly. In 1918, Otto and Maria Hohman built a new resort on the peninsula

at the northeast end of the lake. E. O. Eggert bought it in 1923 and it was later known as Hahn's Hen Roost. Cedar Lodge at the east end of the big lake was built the same year by Wesley Turnbull, brother of Mrs. Cornick. Frank LeTourneau bought it in 1926 and has operated it since then.

Liberty Lodge, now owned by Ted Kaye, was built by August Dittrick, an Austrian immigrant and the maitre d'hotel of the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago. He had contracted to buy the land April 23, 1914, at the same time my father bought the place where I now live—they had looked at land together and were great friends. An old camp building laid up by Ike Stewart in 1911 still stands at the water's edge at the bottom of what was once a log rollway.

The resort's main lodge was put up in 1923; Charlie Peterson was the carpenter. The guests dining were then served in the manner of the Blackstone. During the summer of 1927, Vice President Dawes was a guest for a time.

Moody's Camp on the peninsula at the north end of the big lake was erected by Ted and Myrtle Moody in 1922-23 with lumber transported from LeTourneau's on the ice and by boat.



*Liberty Lodge on Spider Lake*

Preston's mill furnished some lumber and this was moved down the creek by boat. The Moody's opened their camp in 1924 and at that time there was no direct road to the area. Guests were brought into Preston's by way of the Lake Helene road, then boated to their cabins.

An interesting experiment in conservation of forest areas was begun in 1926 under the leadership of Ted Moody and twenty-five of his guests. They formed the No-Pi-Ming Association, each of the members to share in the responsibilities and privileges afforded. By 1928 the association had bought four thousand acres of cut-over land which they still hold and on which they carry out acceptable forestry practices. Ted Moody and his buddy, Bill Jacobs, are buried near the lodge at their own request. The road which traversed their preserve in the logging days is known as Dead Man's Trail because an inebriated logger who started for camp one stormy day, didn't make it and spent the rest of the winter in a snowdrift. When his body was found in the spring after the snow had melted away, it was necessary to bury him beside the trail where they found him.

Another interesting experiment in conservation in the township was carried out by Camp Smith Lake of the Civilian Conservation Corps, which was in operation about two miles to the northwest of Spider Lake from 1933 to 1941. The work done by these young men is most obvious in the millions of trees planted in the Seeley hills.

After the American Immigration Company took over the lands of the many Weyerhaeuser interests about 1907 (which included most of the land in the township surrounding the lake), their well-organized recruiting programs brought in many settlers despite the fact that most of the land is infertile and not suitable for farming. They bought land mostly in the



*Preston's Mill on the shore of North Lake*

southwest corner of the township, few of them surviving as farmers after the depression. An interesting facet of this settlement was the community of people of Finnish descent who found homes here.

## Spider Lake North ... on Murphy Boulevard

The two-mile section of country road northward from Hwy. 77 at the Spider Lake Church is known as Murphy Boulevard and has always been a difficult road to travel in bad weather, particularly before it was paved. This is due to the fact that it runs arbitrarily on the section line, totally disregarding the terrain which it traverses. Town Boards, when laying out new roads, appear to be concerned only with making them straight and on a property line between contiguous owners, not with their practicality as highways.

There has always been a sly bit of humor attached to the name for this road. It was built on contract by Mike Murphy, a famous logging-camp foreman, in 1912 or shortly before that, probably in partnership with Art White, whose place was at its north end (the present site of the Spiderlake Country Club). Although it may have been built to the specifications required by the town board, many of the steep hills were almost pure sand and devoid of the binding clay or silt necessary to make a solid road bed; often it was a morass of sand or mud and unfit for vehicular traffic.

George Brandt, who grew up in that community and knew Mike well, tells why the snide comments were made in regard to the name, "Murphy's Boulevard." Mike started construction at the south end and worked northward. When his job was completed, the road bed was so bad that he had to bring his equipment back to his place near Lost Land Lake by way of another road! Needless to say, whether this story was true or not, it was repeated by every traveler who found the hills

and sand washes of Murphy Boulevard too difficult for their convenience.

Mike Murphy was typical of some of the strong characters who followed the logging trade. In 1902 he was a camp foreman for Moses & Gaynor and was running their Hay Creek camp. In 1903 he was foreman of their "log drive" and was called their "old reliable." In 1904 The *Hayward Republican* noted that "Mike, James and Edward Murphy were in from their camps."

About this time Mike also lived at Leonard's Spur in the Namekagon Valley where he was probably a "camp-watcher" for F.C. Leonard, one of the larger loggers of the day. He also apparently acted as postmaster there. In 1923 the paper reported that Murphy was living in the log buildings of an old abandoned camp on the east side of Ole Lake near Lost Land Lake. He was already an old man and a hermit.

Recently George Brandt found a "land looker" plat book in the Round Lake dump. It had M.C. Murphy's name in it and there were many topographical features of this area drawn in. Some years ago Art Thompson of Seeley found a packet of papers in the Seeley dump which concerned many transactions that Murphy had made as a camp foreman. George and Art, who are both interested in the local history, donated these finds to the historical society.

Michael C. Murphy was born in Pennsylvania of Irish parents. He died in Hayward on November 12, 1945, aged 90 years, 9 months and 15 days. His only lasting monument is his name given to a piece of country road.

## Census of Sawyer County — 1885

The census "Clerk" was S. R. Murray and his work is well done and readable. He seems to have had a flair for journalism also since he wrote a gossipy article for the North Wisconsin News telling of the settlers he found and how their crops were doing. He also included some observations on the way of life of the Indians at Reserve which drew a prompt rebuttal from a white resident of Hayward, chiding him for his uncalled-for comments and implying that he had fabricated this part of his story. A study of this census, broken down the way it is, can provide a demographer with much useful information about the social structure of the community during the settlement of the County, then two years old.

The census-taker first polled all of the residents of the "unincorporated" Village of Hayward. He found 1,069 persons, 712 males and 357 females, and he listed them under 183 head-of-family entries. These figures would show that there were about 350 single males living in town, making a total of up to 500 available workers. There were also around 400 children and a few aged persons.

Of these early residents of Hayward, 51% were American born, 33% were from Scandinavia, 10% were from Canada, and the rest from Northern Europe. The 183 entries would appear to consist of about 85 families with a normal complement of parents and children, 80 with up to 24 extra men—twenty were obviously rooming houses—and fifteen men and two women living singly. Most of the

extra males were Scandinavians, suggesting that they were recent immigrants living with their own people while they became accustomed to their new home—the first immigrant often offered his home as a “stepping-stone” to relatives or friends from the old country. The homes of Christ Anderson, Andrew Carlson, Nels A. Anderson, John Joseph, Louis Hogan, T. Monson, Nils A. Johnson and John Larson belonged to this group. Christ Hanson’s “family” listed 25 men and 4 women—all Scandinavian.

The population of the County outside of Hayward was not at all similar or comparable in its makeup, the greatest differentiation being the predominance of Indian families. Of the 409 listings for head-of-family, 252 were classified as Indian and 25 white males were also listed with Indian families, including Charles Patrick, Ira Isham, and Thad Thayer.

The most obvious of other variants was the presence of 94 single white males, apparently living alone in separate abodes. Some of these hermits were dam watchers and caretakers for empty lumber camps; others may have been trappers and settlers. Thirty years later when I came here, there were still an unusual number of “batches” living out in the woods—I can remember about twenty of them. Nine of these singles were Scandinavian, a few were Canadian, and the rest were of American source. Two females were also found in this category—they operated a mission school at Little Round Lake for Indian children.

The 36 white entries listed with a female were all Canadian or American—mostly the latter. We find Alex McGilvray, Charles Perry, William Hogue and William Wettenhall at Round Lake; Michael Jordan and sons William and John north of Sand Lake; H. B. Shue at Crane

Creek; Henry Tyner at Chief Lake, and Thad Thayer at The Post. Near the junction of the East and West Forks of the Chippewa were Thomas Runnels and Thomas Manwaring. Below this were James Bishop, W. S. Ackley,

Samuel Segiun and Al Raynor, Jno and Joe Herman were on the point between the Chippewa and the Couderay Rivers and there were a dozen other families near the home of old-settler Charles Belille. Among the Indian names listed were Mo-no-moc, John King, Prince of Wales, Sophia Dandy, Crazy Joe, Rooster, Billy Boy and Yankee Joe.

The principal conclusion to be drawn from a resume of the 1885 census of Sawyer County is that the Big Mill at Hayward had brought in most of the new residents and that practically all of the Scandinavian immigrants who had come to the county lived in Hayward, presumably working at the mill. The 1880 Federal Census of the area yielded no familiar names in the Hayward area, testifying to its "boomtown" settlement between the two dates. The early settlers on the Chippewa and in the Jordan community were about the same in both. Indians were not listed except for families headed with a part-white male.

## Glossary

- back forty** — Farm lands were normally sold in 40, 60, or 80 etc. acre lots. Farm houses were built adjacent to the nearest road and the working fields and woodlot comprised the "back forty, eighty", etc.
- bateaux** — French for handmade boat used during this period to navigate the shallow waters of local rivers and streams.
- bitch-links** — metal links used to join the various chains used to move logs on water or on land.
- blanket wannigan** — a raft that carried the bunks for the loggers as they accompanied the logs downstream.
- board-and-batten** — a type of wall covering comprising verticle laths and tarpaper.
- boomed** — "brailed" logs. A raft of logs which were sorted and chained together.
- bull-chain** — an immense chain which hauled the logs from the water into the mill.
- bullcook** — the head cook in each camp.
- bunkhouses** — quarters for 25-50 loggers during the winters stay in the woods.
- cant hooks** — loggers tool for rolling logs.
- cashcropper** — a farmer who rents land and pays his rent with the returns on his labors.
- CCC** — Civilian Conservation Corps.
- center jam** — log jam in the center of the river.
- chains** — an early surveyors tool, 1 "chain" is 66 feet.
- checker** — see "walking boss"
- chinked** — usually mud and straw plaster used to fill areas between raw logs in building construction.
- cook shanty** — a building set aside for cooking and eating meals.
- corduroy** — poles or cull logs laid crosswise of the road and lightly covered with earth or snow as a temporary "bridge" over swampy areas.
- cradleknolls** — When trees have blown over, the roots pull soil from one side leaving the "cradle" and when the roots rot away the material is left in a pile the "knoll".
- crosshaul** — each logging crew brought his daily production to this central point for sorting.
- crotchtree** — a tree with forked branches strong enough to make a sled (go-devil) which was used to haul individual logs from the woods.
- cull logs** — logs unworthy of being sent to the mills.
- cutover lands** — lands from which the loggers had removed the trees.
- dingle** — a roofed area between bunkhouses and cook shantys etc.

- dogs** — a tool used to hold logs as they were fed into the saws.
- driving camp** — a temporary camp set near both the river and the road where supplies were brought to be distributed to the logging camps.
- driving head** — water which has been dammed in order to create sufficient depth and force to carry the logs downstream.
- drumlin** — a long smooth hill believed to have been formed by the glaciers.
- eveners** — a heavy wooden bar which hung between the logging sled and the horses to distribute the load evenly.
- fidhooks** — chain link used to repair broken chain sections.
- flapjacks** — equivalent to our modern day pancakes only much larger.
- forest mensuration** — estimation of the probable crop of trees in any given area.
- French racers** — skis.
- gig trails** — trails created for a horse and buggy (gig).
- go-devil** — see crotchtree
- homesteaders** — those who settled on land that had been “cut-over”.
- hot-pond** — a pool of heated water used to prevent the logs from freezing which made them much harder to cut.
- jammer crew** — loaded logs on logging sleds.
- jinpole and topline** — wooden structure and the ropes it used to lift logs and roots to form piles that could then be burned.
- jobbers** — individuals who cut, delivered and was paid for logs at the rollway by contractors.
- kerf** — the part of a log that removed by the saw.
- landlooker** — a professional estimator of the amount and value of timberland employed by the Federal Government.
- log drives** — cut logs that were floated downriver to the mills.
- log mark** — a mark made by a heavy “branding tool” to identify ownership.
- lunkers** — large fish of any type.
- mokuks** — small birchbark containers made by the Indian women to store berries or when tightly woven to hold maple syrup etc.
- mud-sill** — the bottom log in cabin construction which also served as the doorsill.
- musher** — those who travelled by snowshoe.
- no-see-ums** — a very small insect (not a mosquito) that bites.
- one to six-holer** — outdoor toilets in logging camp.
- over-under or Armstrong works** — a method of sawing logs to lumber over an open pit.
- pigs (river)** — men hired in the spring to bring the logs downriver to the mills.
- pit-sawing** — see over-under or Armstrong works above.
- portage** — carrying boats and supplies across land to bypass low or unpassable areas in a river.

**rackets, boards** — snowshoes and early skis.  
**rampikes** — still standing remnants of trees not totally destroyed by fires.  
**rollways** — bank of river where logs were collected to be sent on later drives.  
**rutter** — a plow-like tool which created ruts that were later filled with water to ease the heavy loads of logs that would soon follow.  
**sackers** — men who followed the main body of the log drives to return them to the mainstream.  
**scaler** — a man who measured and recorded the size of logs to estimate the production of the logging camp.  
**seeded-in** — planted.  
**shaking** — a condition created by heavy winds that have bent or twisted trees which results in lesser grade lumber.  
**sicklebar or pitman rod** — a bar that held the teeth of a hay mower.  
**sissibakwud** — Indian word for maple sugar.  
**skidding teams** — teams of men who brought the logs to the crosshaul.  
**slough (slew)** — a freshwater swamp.  
**smudgepot** — a very smoky fire used to discourage biting insects.  
**spalls** — residue pieces of flint etc. from crafting of arrowheads and or tools.  
**spiles** — wooden tube used direct the flow of sap from maple sugar trees.  
**split shakes** — slices of wood used to chink holes in log houses.  
**stagged-off** — pantlegs that have been cut at ankle length.  
**stumped land** — land that has been cleared of remaining tree stumps.  
**ten chains** — see chains  
**tin lizzie** — slang term for early Model T.  
**tip-up mounds** — see cradleknoll  
**toted or tote roads** — carried, or roads over which supplies were carried.  
**totemic signatures** — totem or symbol that identifies a tribe.  
**walking boss** — see checker.  
**wanigan or wannigan** — a small building which housed certain members of the logging crew and a supply of candy, tobacco and clothing.  
**whortleberries** — blueberries  
**windfalls** — timber that has been blown over by wind.  
**wing dams** — small dams built along the rivers edge to ensure that the logs would continue in the mainstream.  
**wing jam** — logs that have caught on rivers edge.  
**woodbutcher** — the camp carpenter  
**WPA** — Works Progress Administration

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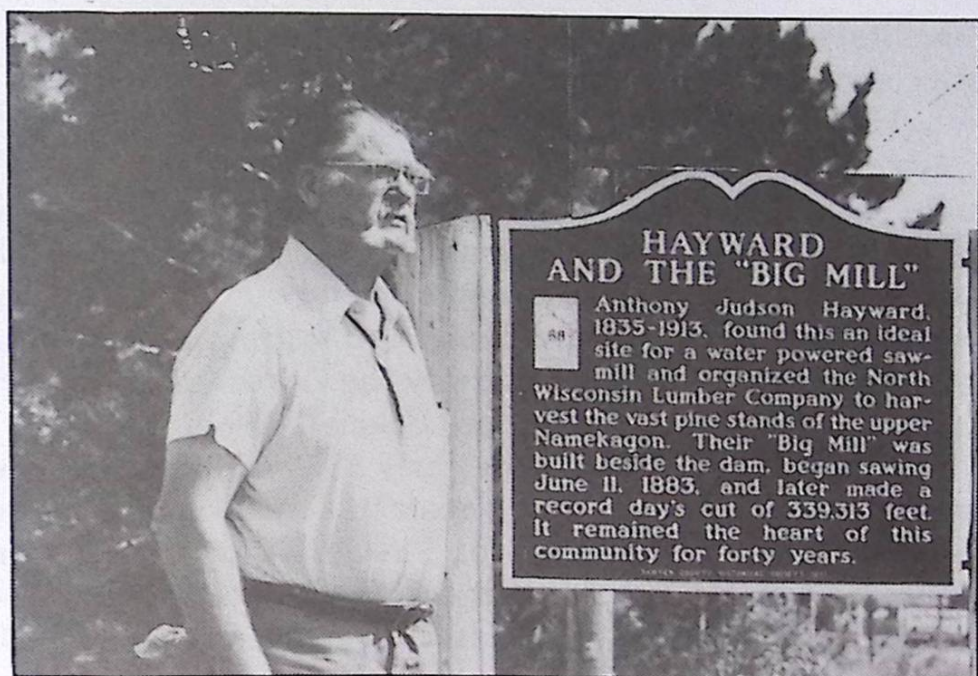
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## Meet the Author

(1904-1990)

Eldon Marple's father, Charles Marple, settled on the fertile Round Lake "flats" near Hayward, Wisconsin in 1914. His original home still stands on that farmstead where Eldon grew up. Eldon worked in area logging camps in his teenage years but still found time to graduate from Hayward High School. He earned a B.S. in Agriculture Education at the University of Wisconsin in Madison. During seven years as Technical Foreman for the CCC, he supervised the mapping of the Hayward Lakes area and the establishment of the younger pine forests that now replace those decimated by the logging industry.

In 1941 the Marple family moved to California where Eldon served with the Civil Service as a Farm Agent for the Indian Service. A year later he became the Maintenance Superintendent of Grounds for the National Housing Authority housing projects. Following World War II in 1945, he was recruited by the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration

to facilitate the relocation of thousands of displaced persons from German prison camps.

In 1947 he traveled to China, again with the U.N.R.R.A. as an Agricultural Farm Machinery Specialist. In China he taught modern farming techniques, machinery maintenance and developed cultivation layouts for the local people. He returned to his family home a year later and served as a teacher in the Veteran's Agriculture Training Program. This ended when he was recruited once more by the Government to serve on the island of Java in his former Specialist role.

Returning to America in the early 1950's Marple began a new career as a landscape contractor in Chicago. He retired from that occupation in 1965 and returned to his boyhood surroundings in Hayward. His first historical articles were published in *The Visitor* in 1966 and have appeared in over 200 issues of that magazine.

His interest in maintaining the history of the Hayward Lakes Region claimed his full attention for the next 25 years. As a recognized local authority on this region's history and archaeology, he was a source used by many professions to prepare publications. Marple's previous books, *The Visitor Who Came To Stay*, *The Visitor Writes Again* and the first version of this book all deal with his specialty: *The History of the Hayward Lakes Region (Part 1)*.

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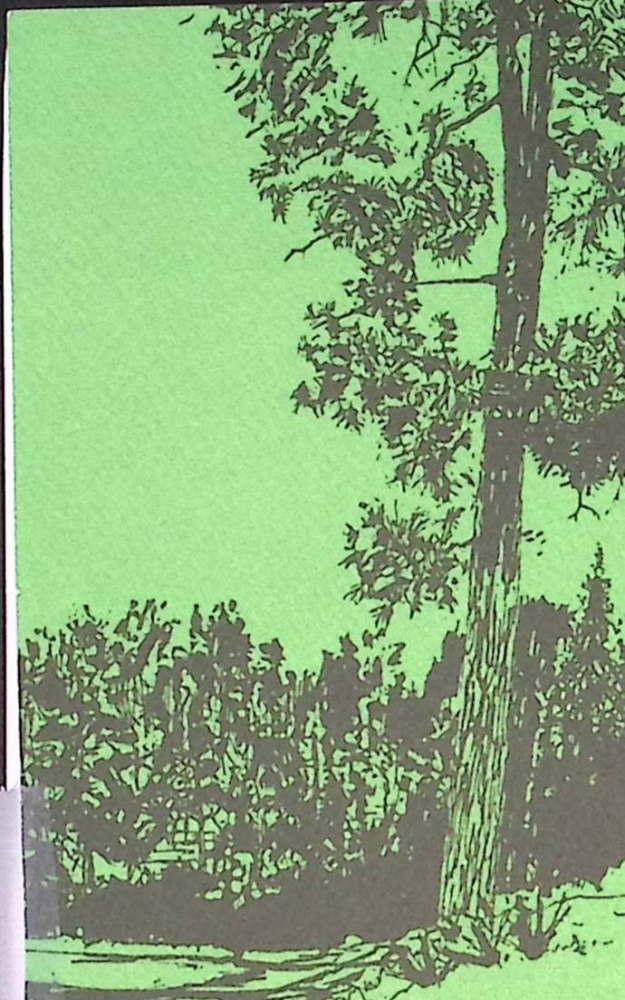
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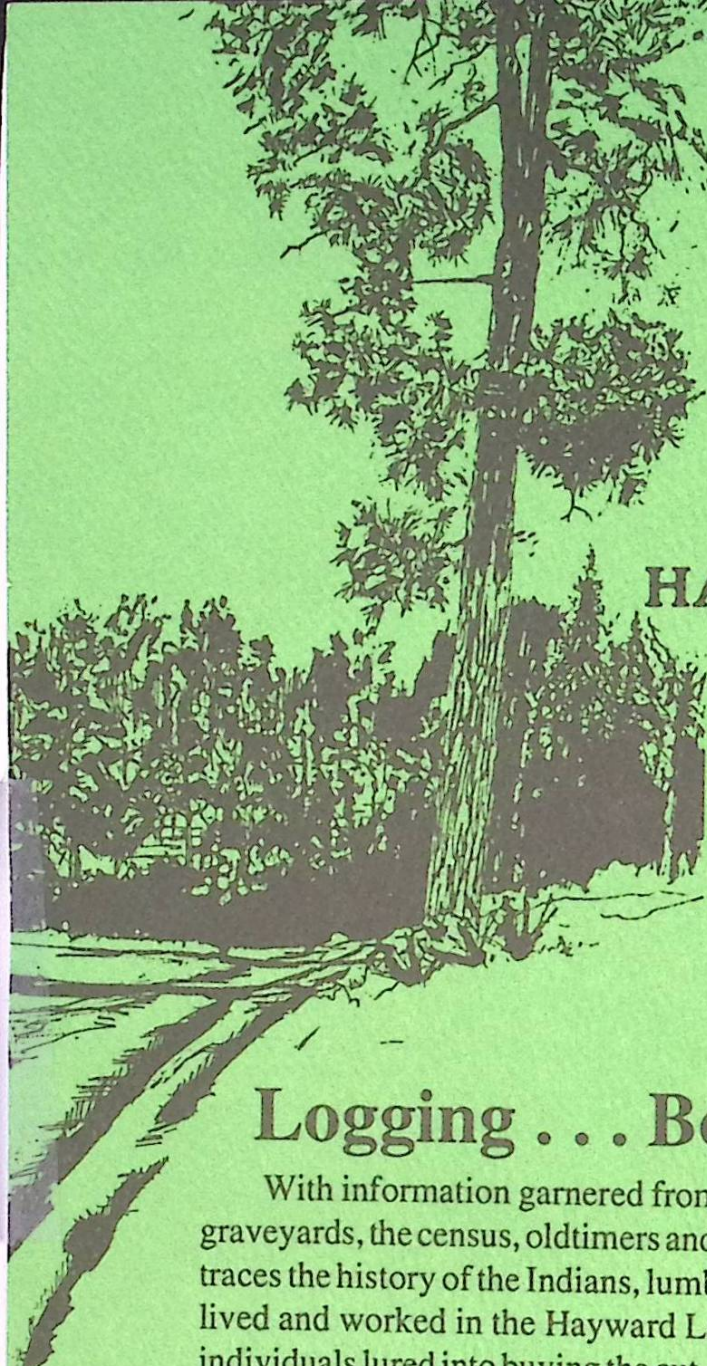
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